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Franklin Stedman

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The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

The greatest kind of Christmas present—because it brings to every member of your family *all* of the very kind of entertainment each desires—not merely for a day, but for all the other 364 days in the year, and for all the years to come. Think of the money thrown away on trifles every Christmas. And then think of the Edison—the gift of a lifetime.

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The "Schoenhut" All Wood Perfection Art Dolls

are so perfectly made and jointed that they will hold any pose you put them in. A metal support free with every doll. The "Schoenhut" Dolls are classic figures of children, 16 inches high, made of wood from head to foot, finished in oil colors that can be washed. Fully jointed—not with rubber cord, but with steel-spring hinges with swivel connections. Dressed in exact copies of children's dresses.

The "Schoenhut" Doll is unbreakable—no more broken heads, loose joints or restringing. Made by skilled Americans in America's Greatest Toy Factory, their quality far exceeds anything of the kind imported. See this wonderful doll at your dealer's. The excellence of these beautiful dolls is guaranteed by the fact that they are produced by the makers of

The "Schoenhut" Humpty Dumpty Circus Toys Toys that Gladden the Hearts of Our Dear Little Ones

Circus with 100,000 new tricks. These are bringing joy and good times to many homes every day. How about the little folks you are interested in? Your children will never tire of playing with these wonderful, unbreakable toys. The animals do tricks; the clowns in their fancy costumes are as funny as any Barnum ever had. The figures are made of solid wood, jointed like the French dolls, painted in oil colors. Will stand the roughest kind of treatment. Mothers say it beats any toy they ever knew. There is no end to the fun.

Sold everywhere, in sets, 50¢ to \$25.00. Ask your dealer to show them to you. If you find any difficulty in getting the "Schoenhut" Doll or "Schoenhut" Humpty Dumpty Circus Toys, write to us today for illustrated literature, and mention your dealer's name.

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Its remarkable growth, population and wealth; its manufacturing, its mining, and oil industries; the development of the citrus and deciduous fruit growing; its building operations; its churches and school facilities; its grain, cotton and bean cultivation; its remarkable water and irrigation projects; its harbor facilities; its matchless climate; its mountain and beach resorts?

Then send in your order today—right now—for the

Eighth Anniversary Number of the Los Angeles Examiner To Be Issued Sunday, December 24, 1911

This remarkable number, teeming with all information pertaining to the great Southwest, will be mailed to any address in the United States or Mexico for 10 cents a copy. As the edition is limited, and so as not to disappoint anyone, an early request with remittance is desirable. Remember that some of your friends may not see this announcement. Use the coupon below and see that they get a copy.

LOS ANGELES "EXAMINER,"

Los Angeles, Cal.

Enclosed please find _____ cents, for which you will please send the Eighth Anniversary number of your paper to the following names:

Name _____ Street _____

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Los Angeles Examiner
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Milady—

Do you sign your own checks?

- ☑ Here is a plan to make your own money, to spend as you please.
- ☑ It is a road of financial independence for you.
- ☑ You can have a nice bank account all your own.
- ☑ You can shop any day and every day you choose.
- ☑ You can have money to buy the thousand and one things that you long for.
- ☑ Join The Order of the Golden Bee, The new organization that has for its sole purpose the providing of ways and means for girls and women to make money; especially untrained girls and women.
- ☑ This organization will provide you with work
No matter what your age may be, or
Where you may live, employment will be found for you.
- ☑ The woman looking for a regular position—
Or the woman who has only a few hours to spare—
May each secure profitable employment to suit her needs.
- ☑ There are no dues, obligations or publicity attached to membership.
Have your name enrolled on the membership book of The Order of the Golden Bee, if you want to earn money.
- ☑ Send your name on a postal to

Elinore Sinclair, Secretary
The Order of The Golden Bee
Good Housekeeping Magazine
Room 504, Fourth Ave. Bldg., New York

What's the Use of Getting Ready For Winter?

Why are you dreading the coming winter? Why are you going on with the dreary old round of working hard and saving money all summer only to spend it on clothes and fuel to keep warm the rest of the year?

Why are you living where Nature works against you and makes you spend most of your savings in an effort to keep comfortable?

Live Where Nature is Friendly

"Down Where the Sun Shines"

Go to La Belle Park, Florida—the colony of Northern people that has "made good."

The fruit trees at La Belle Park are simply loaded with their luscious, golden fruit that mean dollars in profit and all the comforts of life to the owner.

The birds are singing—flowers blooming—

What One Man Did—Go Thou and Do Likewise

This letter was written to one of our buyers:

Fort Myers, Fla., June 30, 1930.

Dr. George F. Hall, Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

Your inquiry of June 19th last received and I take pleasure in stating that I landed in Fort Myers in March, 1924, broken both in health and purse.

Left Jersey County, Illinois, my former home, in search of health. For many years I had been afflicted with the chronic cough of a severe form and this climate quickly cured me without aid of medicine.

Nine years ago I purchased 13 acres of land near Fort Myers for which I paid \$1,000. I planted 8 1/2 acres in grape fruit and 2 1/2 acres to oranges, which began paying me good dividends in my investment in five years. For the past three years this 11 acre grove has paid me 12 1/2 a divided on a valuation of \$40,000.

The crop of 1928 brought me \$10,000, and in 1929, \$15,000 on the 8 1/2 acres of grape fruit. One car brought me \$20,000, I. O. B. Fort Myers.

I have since increased my acreage of raw land to 240 acres and have increased my grove to 25 acres. My property is not for sale, but I value my grove at \$75,000.

I have 5 acres in cane, which yielded me last season 150 gallons of syrup, which I sold at an average price of 45 cents per gallon, and netted above expenses \$200.00 per acre, or a total of \$1,250 on the five acre grove.

This state requires very little cultivation and reproduces itself without replanting for from seven to ten years. I have also grown from four to five hundred bushels of sweet potatoes per acre, which found a ready market at from \$1.00 to \$1.25 per bushel.

All kinds of vegetables, such as Irish potatoes, cabbages, watermelons, tomatoes, etc., do well here and mature at least two weeks earlier than in central and northern Florida, thus giving a better benefit of the highest market prices.

I mention these matters to you that you may understand that we do not have to depend upon ultra fruits altogether, but you grow all crops suited to this country very profitably.

I wish to congratulate you upon acquiring the splendid property you have at La Belle Park, and advise, with hundreds of other good citizens, extend to you and your family a hearty welcome to this land of flowers and sunshine.

Awaiting your further commands, I am,

Sincerely yours, W. R. WASHINGTON

wild turkeys, quail, ducks and deer are just waiting for you to take a shot at them, and the fish are biting as though they liked it, in Southern Florida.

La Belle Park farmers will be living outdoors all winter—working in their shirt sleeves—putting the money you spend to keep warm into the ground, where it will bring them big profits.

They are letting Nature help carry the load—why not you? You can if you want to. You can do the same as hundreds of others just like you have done.

You can own a farm in La Belle Park and save all this worry and expense of getting ready for winter. You can make the money you are wasting now pay you big dividends.

Others have—why not you?

Our New Book Tells You How—FREE

If you will just take the trouble to write us a postal or letter today we will send you, absolutely free, one of our new 32-page illustrated booklets "The Kingdom of the Rose and the Palm," that tells you all about it.

It shows you how others have solved this "winter problem" and how you can solve it.

It tells you about the cheap home-seekers' excursions on our private dining and sleeping car twice each month that will save you money on a trip to Florida. It tells you just what you want to know as a home-seeker or as a land investor.

The Truth About Florida

The one big merit we claim for this booklet is that it is the most conservative, careful and reliable piece of land advertising ever put out. The La Belle Park lands are best and we can prove it to you. All we want is the chance.

Send For the Proof TODAY!

Southern Land & Invest. Co.,
237 Railroad Exchange Building,
Chicago, Ill.

STAR Safety Razor



What You Should Know About Stropping

Ask a barber, an expert on blades, how often he strops his razor. He'll tell you, "Before, during, and after a shave."

Ask him why. He'll answer, "Because a blade, no matter how good, must be stropped to keep a shaving edge. Only a few strokes across the beard will twist and bend this edge. It must be straightened and sharpened by stropping."

The barber is right. To keep a perfect edge day after day, year in, year out, any razor blade must be stropped daily. A few seconds before and after the shave.

To make this stropping easy, so that you may be perfect in it, we furnish with the Star Safety Razor an automatic stropper.

It is partly because of this stropper that the Star enjoys today the enviable reputation that it does. You become in a moment an

expert at stropping. Blade reverses itself automatically and correctly. You can make no mistake. You have always an edge that gives a wonderfully clean, easy shave.

Of course the fine Star blade helps the stropper, but the stropper helps you. It enables you to use a good blade as it should be used.

Write us for, or get from your dealer, booklet that tells fully the why and wherefore of the use of the Star.

Price, with automatic stropper, \$6.75 to \$14.00

Other styles, \$1.75 to \$5.25

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THE AMERICAN SUNDAY (MONTHLY) MAGAZINE A BRILLIANT SUCCESS FROM THE JUMP

THE first issue published went into over two millions of homes. Over two millions of homes helping to comprise the buying market of America's richest and most progressive sections received it with enthusiasm. Counting only 2 to a family (5 is the usual estimate) this magazine was read by over 6,000,000 people.

The possibilities offered advertisers by this wonderful publication have never been equaled in the entire history of publications.

Never before has such an immensity of substantial circulation been offered at such an astonishingly low figure.

You can buy this 2,000,000 "purchasing-power" at only \$5.00 a line.

A National Medium at \$5.00 a Line

The American Sunday (Monthly) Magazine is issued with the five great Sunday Newspapers, the New York American, the Boston American, the Chicago Examiner, the San Francisco Examiner, and the Los Angeles Examiner. Hence it offers not only a localized but a National circulation.

This exclusive and striking advantage offered has brought the most discriminating of National advertisers into the American Sunday (Monthly) Magazine.

What \$5.00 a Line Buys

2,000,000 circulation—6,000,000 readers, eighty-five per cent of whom live within the zones where the opportunities of transacting the greatest volume of business at least cost are greatest.

2,000,000 circulation, eighty-five per cent of which is concentrated within the zones which show eighty-nine per cent of the total assessed valuations of real and personal property.

2,000,000 circulation, eighty-five per cent of which is shown to be within these zones which show the greatest saving per capita, the highest wage per capita and the greatest income per capita.

2,000,000 circulation, eighty-five per cent of which is within the zones which show the greatest producing power agriculturally; in manufacturing and transportation; in fact, in all the vocations of the country.

2,000,000 circulation, eighty-five per cent of which is within the zones where the opportunities of transacting the greatest amount of business at the most economical cost has been clearly established.

In round numbers, the line rate of \$5.00 buys 1,400,000 circulation in 220 cities of 25,000 and over, and 687,000 circulation in cities of 25,000 and under.

Of this 687,000 circulation, 280,000 is found in towns of from 1,000 to 5,000.

No matter what your product, we can help you sell it through the American Sunday (Monthly) Magazine. Why not let us go into the matter thoroughly with you?

AMERICAN SUNDAY (MONTHLY) MAGAZINE

23 East 26th St., New York

511 Security Bldg., Chicago

AMERICAN SUNDAY MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Published on the first Sunday of each month as a Section of the New York American, Boston American, Chicago Examiner, and the second Sunday of each month with the San Francisco Examiner and Los Angeles Examiner

WHY!

The New Love Serial

By The Author of

Three Weeks

by

ELINOR GLYN

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Sir Francis Markrute, an English financier, suggests to his niece, the beautiful Countess Shulski, and to Lord Tancred, 24th Baron of Wrayth, that if they will marry he will settle the financial difficulties of both. Both refuse emphatically. Sir Francis smiles and arranges to have them meet. Meanwhile, the Countess, in spite of her short and dreadful marriage experience with the unlamented Count Shulski, decides there is no escape from her uncle's proposition and agrees to it. They meet and Lord Tancred also at once agrees. The Countess hurries to supply money to her crippled half-brother, Mirko, and his improvident father, the Count Mimo Sykpi.

Chapter VII



NEITHER man was late at the appointment in the city restaurant, where they were to lunch, and they were soon seated at a table in the corner, where they could talk without being interrupted. They spoke of ordinary

things for a moment, and then Lord Tancred's impatience to get at the matter which interested him became too great to wait longer, so he said laconically:

"Well?"

"I saw her this morning—and had a talk"—the financier said, as he placed some caviare on his toast. "You must not overlook the fact which I have already stated to you—she is a most difficult problem. You will have an interesting time taming her! For a man of nerve I cannot imagine a more thrilling task. She is a woman who has restricted all her emotion for men—and could lavish it all upon the man, I imagine. In any case that is 'up to you' as our friends the Americans say."

Lord Tancred thrilled as he answered:

"Yes—it shall be 'up to me'—but I want to find out all about her for myself. I just want to know when I may see her, and what is the program?"

"The program is that she will receive you this afternoon about tea time, I should say; that you must explain to her you realize you are engaged—you need not ask her to marry you,—she will not care for details like that,—she knows it is already settled. Be as businesslike as you can—and come away. She has made it a condition that she sees you as little as possible until the wedding. The English idea of engaged couples shocks her—for, remember, it is, on her side, not a love match. If you wish to have the slightest success with her afterwards, be careful now. She is going to Paris immediately for her trousseau. She will return about a week before the wedding, when you can present her to your family."

Tristram smiled grimly and then the two men's eyes met and they both laughed.

"Jove! Francis!" Lord Tancred exclaimed, "isn't it a wonderful affair!—a real dramatic romance here in the twentieth century. Would not everyone think I was mad if they knew!"



He had never felt so strong an emotion toward a woman in his life

"It is that sort of madmen who are often the sanest," Francis Markrute answered. "the world is full of apparently sane fools." Then he passed on to a further subject. "You will reopen Wrayth, of course," he said. "I wish my niece to be a Queen of Society, and have her whole life arranged with due state. I wish your family to understand that I appreciate the honor of the connection with them, and consider it a privilege, and a perfectly natural thing—since we are foreigners of whom you know nothing—that we should provide the necessary money for what we wish."

"I am not a snob, my friend," the financier said, after a mouthful of salad. "I have no worship for aristocracy in the abstract,—but I am a student,—a rather careful student of systems and their results,—and incidentally a breeder of thoroughbred live stock too, which helps one's conclusions,—and above all, an interested watcher of the progress of evolution."

"You are abominably clever," said Lord Tancred. "Think of your uncle, the Duke of Glastonbury."

the financier went on. "He fulfils his duties in every way: a munificent landlord, and a sound, level-headed politician—what other country or class could produce such as he?"

"Oh, the Duke's all right," his nephew agreed. "He is a bit hard up like a number of us at times, but he keeps the thing going splendidly,—and my cousin Ethelrida helps him. She is a perfect brick,—but you know her of course—don't you think so?"

"The Lady Ethelrida seems to me a very perfect young woman," Francis Markrute said, examining his claret through the light. "I wish I knew her better—we have few occasions of meeting. She does not go out very much into general society, as you know."

"Oh, I'll arrange that—if it would interest you, old boy. I thought you were perfectly cynical about, and even rather bored with, women," Lord Tancred said.

"I think I told you (was it only yesterday?) that: I understood it might be possible for a woman to

count—I have not time for the ordinary, parrot-chatterers one meets. There are three classes of the species female—those for the body, those for the brain, and those for both—and the last are dangerous. The other two merely occupy certain moods in man. Fortunately for us the double combination is rare."

Lord Tancred longed to ask under which head Francis Markrute placed his niece—but of course he restrained himself; he, personally, felt sure she would be of the combination—and that was her charm. Yes, as he thought over things, that kind were the only really dangerous ones—and he had so seldom met them! Then his imagination pictured suddenly Laura Highford—with her tiny mouth and pointed teeth. She had a showy little brain, absolutely no heart, and the senses of a cat or a ferret—what part of him had she appealed to? Well, thank Heaven, that was over and done with, and he was perfectly free—to make his discoveries in regard to Zara, his future wife!

"I tell you what, Francis," he said, presently, after the conversation had drifted from these topics, and cigars and liquors had come, "I would like my cousin Ethelrida to meet Countess Shulski pretty soon. I don't know why, but I believe the two would get on."

"There is no use suggesting any meetings until my niece returns from Paris," the financier said—"she will be in a different mood by then. She had not, when she came to England, quite put off her mourning—she will then have beautiful clothes, and be more acquiescent in every way. Now she would be antagonistic. See her this afternoon and be sensible, make up your mind to postpone things until her return, and even then be careful—until she is your wife."

Lord Tancred looked disappointed. "It is a long time," he said.

"Let me arrange to give a dinner at my house—at which perhaps the Duke and Lady Ethelrida would honor me by being present—and your mother and sisters—and any other member of your family you wish—let us say the night of my niece's return"—and he drew a small calendar notebook from his pocket—"that shall be the 18th—a Wednesday—and we will fix the wedding for Wednesday, the 25th, a week later. That gets you back from your honeymoon on the 1st of November and you can stay with me that night, and if your uncle is good enough to include me in the invitation to his shoot, we can all three go down to Montfitchet on the following day—the 2nd. Is all this well? If so, I will write it down."

"Perfectly well," agreed the prospective bridegroom—and having no notebook or calendar, he scribbled the reminder for himself on his cuff. Higgins, his superb valet, knew a good deal of his Lordship's history from his Lordship's cuffs!

"I don't think I shall wait for tea-time, Francis," he said, when they got out of the restaurant into the hall. "I think I'll go now, and get it over—if she will be in? Could I telephone and ask?"

Which was what he did—and received the reply from Turner that Countess Shulski was at home, but could not receive his Lordship until half past four o'clock.

"Confound it!" said that gentleman as he put the receiver down—and Francis Markrute turned away to hide his smile.

"You had better go and buy an engagement ring, hadn't you?" he said. "It won't do to forget that."

"Good Lord, I had!" gasped Tristram. "Well, I have lots of time to do it now, so I'll go to the family jeweler—they are called old-fashioned, but the stones are so good."

So they said good-by—and the young man sped

westward in a taxi, the lion hunter's excitement thrilling in his veins.

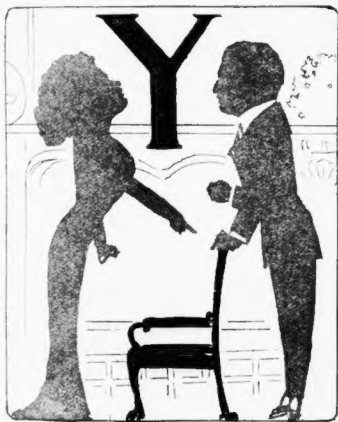
Countess Shulski was seated in her uncle's drawing-room when Lord Tancred was announced.

It was rather a severe room, purely French, with very little furniture, each piece a priceless work of art. There were no touches of feminine influence—there were no comfortable sofas, as in the morning-room or library—all was stiff and dignified, and in pure style.

She had chosen to receive him there, on purpose. She wished the meeting to be short and cold. He came forward, a look of determination upon his handsome face.

Zara rose as he advanced and bowed to him. She did not offer to shake hands, and he left his, which he had half outstretched, drop. She did not help him at all—she remained perfectly silent as usual. She did not even look at him, but straight out of the window into the pouring rain, and it was then he saw that her eyes were not black but slate.

Chapter VIII



"I cannot help how I am," she said, in a tone of extreme hauteur

YOU understand why I have come, of course?" he said by way of a beginning.

"Yes," she replied—and nothing more.

"I want to marry you, you know," he went on.

"Really," she said.

"Yes I do—" and he set his teeth—certainly she was difficult!

"That is fortunate for you—since you are going to do so."

This was not encouraging—it was also unexpected.

"Yes, I am," he answered—on the 25th of October—with your permission—"

"I have already consented," and she clasped her hands.

"May I sit down beside you and talk?" he asked.

She pointed to a Louis XVI *bergère* which stood op-

posite, and herself took a small armchair at the other side of the fire.

So they sat down, she gazing into the blazing coals—and he gazing at her. She was facing the gloomy afternoon light—she did not think out these things like her uncle—so he had a clear and wonderful picture of her. How could so voluptuous-looking a creature be so icily cold? he wondered. Her wonderful hair seemed burnished like dark copper in the double light of fire and day, and that gardenia skin looked fit to eat. He was thrilled with a mad desire to kiss her. He had never felt so strong an emotion toward a woman in his life.

"Your uncle tells me you are going away tomorrow—and that you will be away until a week before our wedding. I wish you were not going to be—but I suppose you must—for clothes and things."

"Yes, I must."

He got up, he could not sit still, he was too wildly excited. He stood leaning on the mantelpiece quite close to her for a moment, his eyes devouring her with the passionate admiration he felt. She glanced up, and when she saw their expression, her jet brows met, while a look of infinite disgust crept over her face.

So it had come—so soon! He was just like all men—a hateful, sensual beast. She knew he desired to kiss her—to kiss a person he did not know! Her experience of life had not encouraged her to make the least allowance for the instinct of man. For her, that whole side of human beings was simply revolting. In the far-back recesses of her mind, she knew and felt that caresses and such things might be good, if one loved—passionately loved—but in the abstract—just because of the attraction of sex—they were hideous. No man had ever had the—conceded—tip of her little finger, although she

had been forced to submit to unspeakable exhibitions of passion, from Ladislaus her husband.

For her Tristram appeared a satyr—but she was no timid nymph—but a fierce panther, ready to defend herself!

He saw her look—and drew back—cooled.

The thing was going to be much more difficult than he had even thought; he must keep himself under complete control—he knew it now. So he turned away to the window and glanced out on the wet park.

"My mother called upon you to-day, I believe," he said. "I asked her not to expect you to be at home. It was only to show you that my family will welcome you with affection."

"It is very good of them."

"The announcement of the engagement will be in the *Morning Post* to-morrow, do you mind?"

"Why should I mind?" and her voice was surprised. "Since it is true, the formalities must take place."

"It seems as if it could not be true. You are so frightfully frigid," he said with faint resentment.

"I cannot help how I am," she said, in a tone of extreme hauteur. "I have consented to marry you—I will go through with all the necessary ceremonies, the presentations to your family, and such affairs—but I have nothing to say to you. Why should we talk when once those things are settled? You must accept me as I am, or leave me alone—that is all—" and then her temper made her add, in spite of her uncle's warning—"For I do not care!"

He turned now, he was a little angry, and nearly flared up—but the sight of her standing there, magnificently attractive, stopped him. This was merely one of the phases of the game—he should not allow himself to be worsted by such speeches.

"I expect you don't—but I do," he said—"and I am quite willing to take you how you are—or will be—"

"Then that is all that need be said," she answered coldly. "Arrange with my uncle when you wish me to see your family—on my return. I will carry out what he settles—and now I need not detain you, and will say good-by," and she bowed to him and walked toward the door.

"I am sorry you feel you want to go so soon," he said, as he sprang forward to open it for her, "but good-by," and he let her pass out without shaking hands.

And when he was alone in the room, he realized he had not given her the engagement ring, which still reposed in his pocket!

He looked round for a writing table, and finding one, sat down and wrote her a few words.

"I meant to give you this ring. If you don't like sapphires, it can be changed. Please wear it.

"And believe me to be

"Yours,

"Tancred."

He put it with the little ring case, and enclosed both in a large envelope, and then he rang the bell.

"Send this up to the Countess Shulski," he said to the footman who presently came—"and is my motor at the door?"

It was—so he descended the stairs.

"To Glastonbury House," he ordered his chauffeur—and then leaned back against the cushions, no look of satisfaction upon his face.

Ethelrida might be having tea, and she was always so soothing and sympathetic.

Yes—her Ladyship was at home—and he was shown up into his cousin's own sitting-room.

Lady Ethelrida Montfitchet had kept house for her father, the Duke of Glastonbury, ever since she was sixteen, and her mother had died—and she acted hostess at the dual parties with the greatest success. She was about five-and-twenty now and one of the sweetest of young women.

She was very tall, and rather plain, and very distinguished.

Francis Markrute thought her beautiful. He was fond of analyzing types and breeds, and he said there were those who looked as if they had been poured into more or less fine or clumsy molds—and there were others who were sharply carved with a knife. He loved a woman's face to look "*ciselée*," he said—

Chapter IX

SOCIETY was absolutely flabbergasted when it read in the *Morning Post* the announcement of Lord Tancred's engagement! No one had heard a word about it. There had been talk of his going to Canada, and much chaff upon that subject—so ridiculous! A Tancred emigrating! But of a prospective bride the most gossip-loving busybody at White's had never heard! It felt like a bombshell.

And Lady Highford, as she read the news, clenched her pointed teeth, and almost gave a little squeal like a stoat.

Then she cried some tears of rage—he was so adorably good-looking and had been such a feather in her cap, although she had never been really sure of him. It was a mercy her conduct had always been of such an immaculate character—in public! No one could say a word, and now she must act the dear, generous, congratulating friend.

So she had a dose of sal volatile—and dressed with extra care to lunch at Glastonbury House; there she might hear all the details—only Ethelrida was so superior, and uninterested in news or gossip.

There was only a party of five assembled when she arrived—she was always a little late. The Duke and Lady Ethelrida, and Constance Radcliffe, and two men—one, an elderly politician, and the other, another cousin of the family—she could certainly chatter about Tristram, and hear all she could.

They were no sooner seated than she began:

"Is not this wonderful news about your nephew, Duke? No one expected it of him just now—though I, as one of his best friends, have been urging him to marry for the last two years; dear Lady Tancred must be so enchanted."

"I am sure you gave him good counsel," said the Duke, screwing his eyeglass which he wore on a long black ribbon into his whimsical old blue eye, "but Tristram's a tender mouth, and a bit of a bolter,—got to ride him on the snaffle, not the curb."

Lady Highford looked down at her plate, while she gave an answer quite at variance with her own methods.

"Snaffle or curb—no one would ever try to guide Lord Tancred. And what is the charming lady like? You all know her of course?"

"Why no," said his Grace. "The uncle, Mr. Markrute, dined here the other night. He's been very useful to the Party in a quiet way, and seems a capital fellow, but Ethelrida and I have never met the niece. Of course no one has been in town since the season, and she was not here then. We only came up, like you, for Flora's wedding, and go down to-morrow."

"This is thrilling!" said Lady Highford. "An unknown bride! Have you not even heard what she is like—young or old? A widow always sounds so attractive!"

"I am told that she is perfectly beautiful," said Lady Ethelrida from the other side of the table,—there had been a silence—"and Tristram seems so happy—she is quite young, and very rich."

She had always been amiably friendly and indifferent to Laura Highford. It was Ethelrida's way to have no likes and dislikes, for the general circle of her friends—her warm attachment was given to so very few—and the rest were just all of a band—but perhaps if she felt anything definite, it was a tinge on the side of dislike for Laura—though, thinking to please Tristram at the time, she had asked her to this, her birthday party, when they had met at Cowes in August, and now she was faced with the problem of how to put her off, since Tristram and his bride would be coming! She saw the glint in the light hazel eyes, as she described the

(Continued on Page 18)



"It cannot be she," he said to himself, "she went to Paris yesterday, but if it is, who is the man?"

that is why he did not entirely admire his niece, for although the mold was of the finest in her case, her small nose was not chiseled. Numbers of English, and some Austrians were chiseled, he affirmed—showing their race—but very few other nations.

Now some people would have said the Lady Ethelrida was too chiseled—she might grow peaky with old age. But no one could deny the extreme refinement of the young woman.

She was strikingly fair, with silvery light hair which had no yellow in it, and kind, wise, gray eyes; and her figure, in its slenderness, was a thing which dressmakers adored—there was so little of it, that any frock could be made to look well on it.

Lady Ethelrida did everything with moderation. She was not mad about any sport or any fad. She loved her father, and her aunt and cousins of the Tancred family, and her friend, Lady Anningford—and was in short, a fine character and a great lady.

"I have come to tell you such a piece of news, Ethelrida," Tristram said, as he sat down beside her on the chintz-covered sofa. Ethelrida's tastes in furniture and decorations were of the simplest, in her own rooms.

"Guess what it is!"

"How can I, Tristram. Mary is really going to marry Lord Henry?"

"Not that I know of, yet—but I dare say she will some day. No—guess again—it is about a marriage."

She poured him out some tea, and indicated the bread and butter plate. Tristram, she knew, loved her stillroom maids' brown bread and butter.

"A man or a woman?" she asked, meditatively.

"A man—me!" he said, with reckless grammar.

"You! Tristram!" Ethelrida exclaimed, with as much excitement as she ever permitted herself.

"You going to be married—but to whom?"

The thing seemed too preposterous! and her mind had instantly flown to the name "Laura Highford" before her reason said "How ridiculous, she is married already!"—so she repeated again, "But to whom?"

"I am going to be married to a widow—a niece of Francis Markrute's—you know him?" Lady Ethelrida nodded. "She is the most wonderfully attractive creature you ever saw, Ethelrida—a type not like anyone else. You'll understand in a minute,

when you see her. She has stormy black eyes—no, they are not really black, they are slate color—and red hair, and a white face—and by Jove—a figure! And do you know, my dear child, I believe I am awfully in love with her!"

"You only 'believe,' Tristram—that sounds odd to be going to be married upon!" Lady Ethelrida could not help smiling.

He sipped his tea—and then jumped up—he was singularly restless to-day.

"She is the kind of woman a man would go perfectly mad about when he knew her well—I shall, I know," and then, as he saw his cousin's humorous expression, he laughed boyishly. "It does sound odd, I admit," he said. "The inference is that I don't know her well—and that is just it, Ethelrida!—but only to you would I say it. Look here, my dear girl, I have got to be comforted this afternoon; she has just flattened me out—but we are going to be married on the 25th of October, and I want you to be awfully nice to her. I am sure she has had a rottenly unhappy life."

"Of course I will, Tristram dear," said Lady Ethelrida—"but remember, I am completely in the dark—when did you meet her? Can't you tell me something more? Then I will be as sympathetic as you please."

So Lord Tancred sat down on the sofa beside her again, and told her the bare facts. That it was rather sudden—but he was convinced it was what he wanted most to do in life. That she was young, and beautiful, and rich, and very reserved—and rather cold,—and that she was going away until a week before the wedding, and that he knew it sounded all mad, but "his dear Ethelrida was to be a darling, and understand, and not reason with him."

And she did not.

"I want Uncle Glastonbury to ask Francis Markrute to the shoot on the 2nd of November, Ethelrida," he said, "and you will let me bring Zara. She will be my wife by then, although I was asked only as a bachelor?"

"It is my party, not papa's, you dear old goose, you know that," Lady Ethelrida said, "and of course you shall bring your Zara, and I myself will write and ask Mr. Markrute—in spite of Aunt Jane's saying that he is a cynical foreigner—I like him!"

Why We MUST have THRILLS

By A.P. Reed M.D.



Why are wealthy women, sometimes, shop-lifters? Why do eminent doctors and surgeons ruin themselves with drugs? Why do brilliant artists, novelists and actors drink themselves to death? Why are reputable business men and even clergymen now and then discovered in scandals utterly foreign to their natures?

What they are seeking is the THRILL. We all seek it consciously or unconsciously, for it is the key which winds up the nervous system—the mainspring of our life. The baby must have it and yell for it. Its parents supply the thrill by rocking it (which may or may not be the wrong way), by making funny noises and foolish antics. Anything to surprise and thrill the youngster and at once there is peace. He crawls with joy and all his vital processes start off merrily until the next thrill is due.

The child finds its thrills in games. School is designed to have no thrills, hence it is deadly dull, is but a doubtful success, and probably would be even worse if the boys did not themselves inject a few thrills now and then. The bad boy draws a picture on the blackboard of "teacher," and the whole school thrills, wakes up and could be taught anything if not allowed to go back to its usual stagnation.

Grown people find their thrills in a thousand different ways. Men get a certain amount in their work, and even housework, stupid though it may seem, is not absolutely devoid of the great stimulant. But love, courtship and marriage normally add so many more that most of us are carried along quite comfortably until the children arrive and furnish an inexhaustible source.

We eke out these natural supplies with books, theaters, "practical jokes," music, baseball, prize fights, "looping the loop," "shooting the chutes," etc. These are all artificial thrills, but normal and healthy. The normal human being does not get a thrill from all of the things known as diversions, but some out of the group fit him and his work, and his family supplies the rest. For men and women of the average type, there is no good reason and little excuse for dissipation and the crazy exploits which enliven the papers every day.

But there is another class which these natural and homely affairs do not thrill at all. This class produces most of the tragedy, the bizarre and the incomprehensible doings which amaze the ordinary person. These unfortunates find the necessary thrill a rare and difficult game to capture.

The periods between thrills are so long that their systems run down. They are perhaps haters of the opposite sex, their work does not excite them and they have no vital interest in their homes. Such people complain of lethargy, everything is hard work, nothing seems worth doing, and they drag themselves along through life, dull, out of sorts and conscious that something is wrong. The wheels of Nature barely revolve, their appetites are deadened, they neither eat, sleep nor do anything well. Yet all the time something tells them that there is power inside them if they could only get it out. Anemia and their listless manner betray them, pessimism becomes their philosophy, and "what's the use" their motto, until finally chronic sickness overtakes them from sluggishness of some organ.

Sometimes these unfortunates go through life in this condition, listlessly falling into a welcome grave. Quite often accident or instinct brings them the long needed thrill in a most unexpected manner. At once there is a transformation. The listless being is

alive, alert, capable of doing as much as others. Ambition is aroused, the eye is bright, the step brisk, friends and acquaintances feel the difference and their attitude changes. The whole world becomes brighter for weeks or even months, then the person runs down and is as bad as ever.

The patient knows, for really he ought to be a patient and under treatment, that the thrill was what braced him up. Whether it was a crime, a spree, or what not, it makes no difference, for every instinct in him cries morning, noon and night, "Go back and do it over again and you will feel all right."

The speed maniac is perhaps one of the best known of this type. Just by chance he gets a mile-a-minute ride, and as a result finds himself. After that, if he can afford it, he will indulge periodically in the hair-raising midnight dashes which have made the automobile hated by many people. The same man who would not step on a worm will drive his car at murderous speed through a village exulting like a madman.

From the "speed fiend" to the poker enthusiast and the heavy drinker are short steps and not far beyond are opium and cocaine. These cases everyone knows about and their demands for narcotic stimulant are easily understood. But Doctor Morton Prince, in his "Journal of Abnormal Psychology," lists cases of an advance kind which used to be classed as plain insanity with cause unknown. He first mentions those discussed by Dr. Janet.

"One is a girl who eats, eats, eats all day. Another walks and walks and gets her food from an automobile which escorts her. Another is a dipsomaniac. A fourth pulls out her hair. Another wounds her flesh and burns her skin. It turns out that all of Dr. Janet's cases are what he calls psychasthenics, or victims of a chronic sense of lethargy, fatigue, insufficiency, impossibility, unreality and powerlessness of will, and that in each and every one of them the particular activity pursued, deleterious though it be, has the temporary result of raising the sense of vitality and making the patient feel alive again.

"These things do reanimate; they would reanimate us; but it happens that in each patient the particular freak-activity chosen is the only thing that does reanimate them; and therein lies the morbid state. The way to treat such persons is to discover to them more useful and usual ways of throwing their stores of vital energy into gear.

"Such cases are humanly typical. We are all to some degree oppressed, unfree. We don't come to our own. It is there, but we don't get at it. The threshold must be made to shift. Then many of us find that an eccentric activity—a 'spree,' say—relieves. There is no doubt that to some men sprees and excesses of almost any kind are medicinal, temporarily at any rate, in spite of what the moralists and doctors say."

Prof. William James pointed out that we all have almost unlimited reserves of nervous energy but that there is a sort of wall or dam about them. The will is the ordinary instrument for unlocking the reservoirs of this reserve power. But not all of us have the will power to release very much reserve. In addition we need something to start the one or more of the emotions. Tremendous emotion often unlocks power beyond all belief. In crises men have performed feats which they could never even approach at any other time.

Ideas often restrain the will from setting free our energies. "Fear thoughts," as they are called, paralyze it. We may have the will to do and the energy to succeed, but the "fear thoughts" that we may fail or that the attempt will bring about some other

disaster, paralyze us. But one thought or idea may contradict another, and the second by paralyzing the first may set free the will. But a third thought may cancel the second, and so on through a chain of infinite length. This long chain of cancellation of one idea by another is especially prominent in women. A woman's mind cancels off ideas with a bewildering rapidity which a man cannot understand nor can she well explain to him.

I happen to know of a rather humorous case in point, and will for obvious reasons not mention names.

A certain husband called upon a psychologist of note and informed him that he was unable, at that time, to meet a slight obligation to the scientist. In the course of the conversation the husband happened to remark that there was no understanding a woman.

It seems that the woman in question was the husband's wife. She had always had a strong prejudice against drinking and even a suspicion in his breath brought down on his head the vials of her wrath.

The husband had erred in that line rather seriously some days before, but without his wife's knowledge. Others had seen him, however, and he knew the tale would soon come home. It was clearly the part of wisdom to confess, turn state's evidence against himself and throw himself on her mercy.

His hopes of mercy were small for she had been acting queerly for some days and he knew some other storm was hanging over his head. But with hopeless desperation he blurted it all out. At the end of it he mentioned the night on which it had occurred.

With tears in her eyes she rushed over and kissed him. Later she mildly rebuked him for his intoxication and ever since had been sweet as honey to him.

The psychologist said: "Go home and find out just why she acted that way, and I'll call your debt settled."

The husband wrestled with his wife's intellect during an entire Sunday and returned to the scientist mentally black and blue but with the facts fairly straight.

Mrs. J., whose honesty is above suspicion, had informed the wife that the husband in question had been seen in a compromising situation with a certain Miss B. The evidence came from a certain Tilly H. whom the wife didn't know nor like quite so well. However the wife believed her husband guilty but could not make up her mind to tax him with it, for she thought it meant separation or divorce.

Having listened to his confession she remembered that Tilly H. had also said that her husband had taken Miss B. to the theater that night. Therefore Tilly H. was a liar. Being a liar in one thing she was doubtless in others. Therefore the wife had been harboring an awful and unjust suspicion against her husband all this time, which was a worse offense than his intoxication, and she owed him some reparation, which was the kiss, and the mild rebuke was merely to prevent him from using his fall from grace as a precedent. However, she had seen no reason for explaining her mental processes to her husband until he compelled her to.

Converts at revival meetings, by virtue of the thrill and of the killing of many "fear thoughts," experience a temporary exhilaration and increase in mental and physical ability.

It is advisable for every person to seek all through life new thrills in harmless fields. One can never have too many of them, and the less useful and practical can be abandoned in favor of the more judicious choices. But thrills you must have in plenty or you will vegetate.



No. 3. Love's First Defeat

THE ADVENTURES OF CUPID
BY
NELL BRINKLEY



The HEART of a COWARD

By Albert Dorrington



THE cloud grew bigger. A moment ago it had worn a golden edge, but since the sun had set a deadly grayness overtook the wine red; its feathery rim sagged downward like a bird stricken with gunshot. Other clouds drifted inward from the south. Some took the shape of torn images; one coppery fugitive with a windtorn mane raced like fury across the sky.

The man and the woman in the boat took small heed of the sky. Weariness from overwork set upon the man. His hands rested idly on the oars; his eyes were haunted by shapes that would not take form, the shapes of imperfect men and women moving toward a point where sat King Tragedy watching with terrible eyes.

The man was a writer, a craftsman in the manipulation of certain ideas. He had known the woman almost since childhood. At school and during the after years she had marked his progress in the literary arena. Partial failure had greeted his early efforts, but even now, in his thirtieth year, the fire of struggling genius dozed in his eyes.

This was their first summer holiday since she could remember. To go with him in a boat away from the crowded pier was the result of her own planning. She wanted Philip to herself even for one brief hour after the years of disappointment and waiting.

Beyond the surf-whitened bar she heard the gulls preaching, preaching it seemed to her an eternal sermon to the sea. They hovered and circled with long drowsing wings between the cliffs and the bar while her heart drank in the throbbing sound of wind-fretted water astern.

Something in the crying of the gulls prompted her to speech.

"How is your book progressing, Philip? Will it be ready this year?"

She spoke in a low voice as one discussing a sacred thing.

The man winced a little, as though confronted by a tedious explanation.

"No," he answered, "it isn't finished yet."

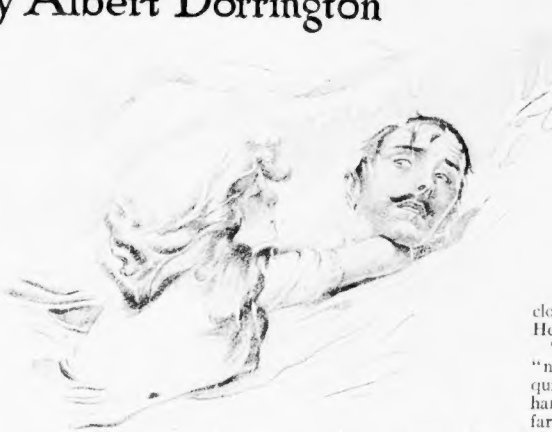
Then he rowed silently for a few minutes and closed his eyes.

"Book writing is the new death," he said hoarsely. "It is a ghastly business. Nights of heart-breaking labor, the sickening quest for the tragic close which turns to clownish laughter in the end."

"But it will all come right, I am sure." She allowed her ungloved hand to splash in the water. The yoke lines lay twisted serpent-like in her lap. "I dreamt last night that your book was a great success," she went on, "and that you grew famous in a year, and forgot me." She drew in her hand suddenly and shook some sea-drops in his face. "You forgot me and married a bookish woman with red hair and spectacles."

A sudden flush brightened the novelist's face. The nervous grip of his hand almost made him cry out. "When the book is finished, Paula, we'll go where there are new mountains and rivers. I want to feel a wind from the snow. I want to hear it belching through the valleys and under the frost-bound trees. I want a rest. But I've yet to fight this horrible finish of the book. I may have to wait years before the end shapes itself, but the end will come—grand and terrible."

A gust of wind seemed to wrench the words from his mouth. A long white wave swung them with savage strength into a deep hollow of green water. The tiny boat see-sawed as the woman with the yoke-line clutched forward to regain her balance. Another long wave with a bristling crest flung them over and down like a giant skilled in the art of drowning men and little boats. Philip Hume heard the waters singing over him while the dinghy gyrated somewhere under his feet.



"Not so tight, Paula—I'm swimming for life—not far to go"

The blood rushed in torrents to his brain. He rose swiftly to the surface while his hands stroked forward mechanically. His mind had become so fiercely occupied with a certain thought as to render the act of swimming a mere mechanical side issue. The shock of submersion gave voltage to his brain, and . . . in a lightning flash he saw the end of his book. The fruit of three years' toil took shape in the millionth fraction of time.

"Help . . . Philip. My—, I am drowning! Help, help!"

Dimly he recognized the voice as belonging to his companion who had sat with him in the boat. Her cries angered him a little. The water was so beautiful and cold. He was floating with the ease of an expert swimmer. Although his limbs were submerged in the swirling waters, his brain had become a theater wherein moved the tragic figures of his story . . . a woman and a priest, behind them rose a dark cathedral, its thin steeples piercing the night. The blackness of the stone alighted him. Several nuns passing through the gigantic vestibules were no larger than hooded sparrows. Three monks deliberating down the aisle rose to the height of three black thumbs. The monster organ was silent, but he could almost hear the voices of the dead singing in the choir . . . A huge iron gate swung back; he heard the jangle of keys. Following the nuns down the aisle were a woman and a child.

"Help, Philip, help!"

The seas moved past them as though loth to drown so fair a burden. Then he felt her hands touch him almost accidentally, and in that moment—the cathedral bell boomed through his brain; the iron gates clashed as the woman with the child stole down the aisle.

Then her hand closed on his shoulder, closed with the grip of life, and he knew that death only could unclasp it.

In a flash all thought of his book vanished. "I will save you, Paula!" he shouted. "Keep your hand on my shoulder . . . so . . . on my shoulder. Don't try to hamper me or you will drown us both. I'm a good swimmer. Don't be afraid!"

She did not answer, but her grip tightened; her set white face bore in it no gleam of reason; all her senses were overridden by a lunatic fear of death.

He noticed that the sea washed her hair across his left shoulder. Sometimes it swam into his eyes and clotted his vision.

A strip of beach lay on his right. It was almost

dark now. High above him on the boulder-packed headland he saw the light of an automobile moving up the road. The wind tore big drops of spray across his face. From time to time half-seen waves raced toward his mouth and eyes.

At first he did not feel the woman's weight, the sea supported her, but after the first dozen strokes her saturating clothes drew limply about her. Her skirt enmeshed him.

"We are all right," he gasped, "not far to go now. Don't press quite so close . . . Paula, you only hamper me. And . . . we haven't far to go."

Again she made no answer. Her grip had become like an iron clasp with ten hooks, and each hook was holding a piece of his flesh.

"Not so tight, Paula. We, we haven't far to go, I say . . . not far to go."

His breath came at sharp intervals between wave and wave. The sea clutched now with icy fingers at his throat and eyes. It was as though a devil were pouring water upon him from a mountain top. It blinded him, hurt his temper.

"Not so tight, Paula. I'm swimming for life. What's the use hampering? Not far to go."

He looked at her swiftly, and saw a white hostility in her face—it was not Paula's face, this bleak, seared profile with the bulging eyes and the mouth that seemed to have frozen in its cries for help. She was clinging now with the weight of iron. In her clasp was the strength of an implacable foe.

He must drown with her. He did not fear death, but an unconquerable agony seized him when he remembered that the book must perish with him. It would never be finished; the story of a colossal tragedy would rot, evaporated in the dead cells of his brain.

He scanned the distant beach wildly.

"Too far!" he choked, "too far!"

In that moment their eyes met, and he saw a live horror, a terrible demand in hers.

"Paula, don't grip me so. Too far, I say, too far to go."

He tore at the clenched fingers on his shoulders. He thrust his palm under her chin cunningly, and pressed her head downward. It seemed to him that a great wave wrenched them apart, but he remembered long afterward that he had struck her.

The beach still held the warmth of the afternoon sun. He dragged his body through the surf, and lay down. A flock of storm-beaten gulls wheeled inshore. An intolerable loneliness crept upon him.

"Paula, Paula!" He stretched a hand to where the surf thundered beneath a headland. The Sea answered for the woman, and her voice shouted through the after years of his life.

The bathers watched him all that summer, as he paced the beach, vacant gaze directed toward the sea, frowning brow and muttering lips.

"I wonder what he says to himself," remarked the newly appointed life-saver.

"He is looking for her, the girl torn from him by the waves," sighed one of a group of feminine admirers. "What a perfect love."

Late in the season someone eavesdropped and this is what they heard him murmur:

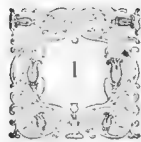
"A woman and a priest—behind them a dark cathedral—the great bells chiming—and then—and then—what—merciful heaven, what was that climax?"

Getting Rid of the "MIDDLEMAN"

By Amos Stote



But, with a few exceptions, into obli- vion the M-iddleman, with the dinosaur, the dodo, the mammoth, and all the creatures that took up space and made no return.



At all lines of industry everyone is trying to eliminate WASTE. Point out WASTE in a factory, whether it be of material, time, labor or anything else, and you will see it pounced upon and annihilated with the alacrity of a fire in a powder magazine.

Years ago some one whispered that the jobber, the middleman—was WASTE, and ever since he has been as welcome as a spot on the parlor carpet.

At once began the time-honored game of playing both ends against the middle. The jobber was entrenched and perhaps never would have been beaten had not a new weapon been placed in the hands of the manufacturer—Advertising. By advertising the maker was able to emerge from obscurity behind the jobber and put his own name on the goods. This drew the public into the fight. People stopped asking for tea, stockings, tooth-powder, etc., and demanded a particular brand. With the demand established, the jobber had to carry the brand whether he liked it or not or else see the manufacturer sell over his head to the retailer. In either case he lost his grip on the situation.

In some lines he is still strong and in a few quite necessary. Fruit, for instance, has to be shipped when it is ready, regardless of consumers' demands or retailers' stocks. It must be iced and hurried to the cities by "fruit express," and some one must take it all, unload it, and put most of it into cold storage, and all the time keep in touch with the retailers. The retailers do not love him, for they claim he lets whole train-loads of luscious melons spoil, in order to keep up the price, nor do the fruit growers name any children after him, for he doubts to high heaven the middleman's report of "received in bad condition." Still he flourishes while his brother middlemen fade, for he still serves an economic purpose.

But, with a few exceptions, into obli- vion the middleman, with the dinosaur, the dodo, the mammoth, and all the creatures that took up space and made no return. Before his day, the Colonial farmer used to drive to the city and sell his products direct to the retailer or even hawk them in the streets. You hear even now his incoherent successor yelling: "Fla-a-d-y a-a-a-anges n-n-n c-n-n-nts a p-n-n-k."

This gentleman learned his methods from the early days that knew no middleman.

Perhaps, after all, the greatest mistake of the jobber was in being one, or at least in not getting out of it at the right time. No one can deny but that he has filled a big place in our mercantile life, no more than they can deny that his day has gone in at least the majority of activities.

His retiring seems rather fateful in that he had much to do with the bringing of it on. As advertising came to have a fixed place in the operations of the producer it was only natural that the man spending

the money should endeavor to secure as great and direct results as possible and that he should have a very reasonable longing to know what form of publicity brought the best returns. Unless the jobber was willing to cooperate the manufacturer was left in the dark. To be sure he felt the increase in business, as it came to him by the way of the wholesaler, but that provided no means of forming an accurate estimate or of determining whether he received a fair percentage of returns.

Until the manufacturer had the opportunity to analyze the business secured from any given territory and then contrast that with an estimate of the possible business within that territory, he was compelled to gamble at every move he made in advertising. The whole trouble rested in the mistaken idea so many jobbers held in regard to who owned the trade. No matter how much new and increased business the manufacturer's advertising poured into the house of the wholesaler the latter held that all the customers with whom he did business—or who were within the territory he endeavored to cover—were his particular private property and that what ever trade he chose to send the producer, who paid the advertising bills, should be received by the latter with becoming gratitude, and no questions asked.

Such conditions can never remain permanent. Even if the manufacturer is willing to let the wholesaler claim all rights to the retail trade he still wants the privilege of getting the best returns possible from his efforts.

As though this method of the blind leading the blind was not a heavy enough yoke for the jobber to fasten on the shoulders of the advertising manufacturer, an over-zeal for business caused many of the former to become pseudo-manufacturers and produce what is now very generally termed "private brands" of goods. A wholesaler who found a large and increasing trade in some staple article in which was a goodly margin of profit would likely forget his obligations to the advertising manufacturer whose goods he was then handling and go to some other producer who had neglected to advertise to the consumer or retail trade, and make an arrangement whereby a brand of goods would be issued in the name of the wholesaler.

To accomplish this it was of course necessary for the jobber to contract for a specified quantity for each year's distribution. If the jobber was in a position to handle a good share of the factory's output he would naturally secure it at a very favorable rate. This made it possible for him to undersell the trade-marked brands of his old manufacturer who had spent the money to build up this line of business for him.

From this time on the interest of the wholesaler was entirely with his private brand. He not only neglected to push the goods of the advertising factory but attempted to stifle the demand for them, offering the retailer his private brand at a less price, and showing favor to those dealers who accepted the

greatest hardship on the manufacturers who produce them, as is shown in the following incident:

The manager of an advertising agency called on a textile manufacturer who had never advertised but who was doing quite a business. For some time the ad. man talked most earnestly of the great field open to the manufacturer if he would but put his goods before the public over his own trade mark or brand. He pointed out just how this could be best accomplished and the independent position in which it would put the manufacturer. But with it all the latter could not be convinced: "Why should I advertise?" he asked. "I have nine good customers, eight of them small and one so large he alone takes more than eighty per cent. of my entire output. What's the use in advertising when my mill is running its full capacity?"

"That may be all right for now," the ad. man said, "but suppose you should some day have a run-in with your big jobber and lose his account, where would you be?"

This is what *did* happen.

The jobber, powerful through the publicity given his private brand, had the field to himself as far as these goods were concerned, so when some time after he found he could make better connections with another manufacturer he proceeded to do so. For fear the old concern might attempt to re-establish connections and compete with him in that line he waited until almost time for the contract to expire and then curtly wrote the manufacturer that it would not be renewed.

Without a selling organization, without reputation with retailers, unable to make good connections with some other jobber, this manufacturer's private brand of goods for another was forced out of business and his mill sold under the hammer.

One of our great manufacturers at this time is suffering from too much jobber. This concern manufactures a commodity of universal demand, and is spending over a hundred thousand dollars a year in advertising. But its business with the jobber and because it has obtained results has continued with him.

The company manufactures a home device. Another large concern produced a similar article but of a different shape. In almost every case they are handled by the same jobber, but to the exclusion of all other makes. Last season the first factory secured a patent on a device and was to be greatly superior to that of its competitor's but at the same shape the company is now endeavoring to put this article on the market. In some way we lost the new product leaked out and was caught by the rival house and promptly they instructed all their salesmen to warn every jobber there was "absolutely nothing doing" for him on the new article.

Now everyone is scared—and the product is in the position of a red-headed stepchild. One manufacturer is afraid the jobbers will not take it, his rival is afraid they will and the jobbers are afraid the party will break up in a row.

No doubt we will long continue to have the jobber in a modified form with us. Where he helps the infant industry he is doing a good work; where he props the weak-kneed manufacturer he is doing a necessary work.

But the old-line jobber. Almost can we hear some idler along the highway of Commerce asking: "Where is the jobber of yesterday?"



"Fla-a-a-d-y a-a-a-anges n-n-n c-n-n-nts a p-n-n-k." This gentleman learned the early farmer who knew no "middleman"

substitute. The salesman for the wholesale house had no alternative but to push their own goods in direct and unfair competition with the advertised article.

Not until this situation became unendurable did many manufacturers go over the heads of the wholesalers and then often under protest. In the meantime, if the jobber had grown strong enough with his private brands, he not infrequently saved himself by actually going into their manufacture.

In many cases the private brand has worked its

Fickle Freddy's LOVES

By Carolyn Wells



SUSIE THE FIGHTER

Susie, I'm all off with girls w'at's sweet,
An' dressy, an' polite;
Naw! A new girl's moved int' our street,
An' she's a fighter, but she can fight!

One day it wuz, I saw her first,
Peepin' from 'hind a tree;
I'm her face,—my very worst,
Then she made one at me!

I then said, "Don't be smarty, Miss!"
"I jes' hate boys!" she said;
An' then she doubled up her fist
An' hit me in the head!

'Course I ain't mean enough, you know,
To hit a girl! but whee!
W'en Susie giv' that *gish* blow
It sorter ruffled me!

So I jes' tweaked her pigtails good;
An' did she cut an' run?
Naw! Pulled my hair as hard's she could;
Oh, we have lots o' fun.

An' she come to my Christmas tree,
An' grabbed all my new toys!
I said, "Now you jes' quit it! See?"
She said, "Who's 'fraid of boys?"

I love a girl w'at's got some grit,
An' I sh'd say she had!
W'y I jes' love to see her hit,
W'en she gets hoppin' mad.

Her black eyes flash, her cheeks get red,
Her arms fly quick as wink;
Her pigtails stick out from her head,
Oh, Susie's great, I think!

An' then she smiles, an' says, "Don't care,"
An' ever'things to rights;
Oh, Susie'n me is beaus for fair,
I love a girl w'at fights!



Maddened by MYSTERY

By Stephen Leacock



THE Great Detective sat in his office. He wore a long green gown and half a dozen secret orders pinned to the outside of it. Three or four pairs of false whiskers hung on a whisker-stand beside him.

Goggles, blue spectacles and motor glass, lay within easy reach.

He could completely disguise himself at a second's notice.

Half a bucket of cocaine and a dipper stood on a chair at his elbow.

His face was absolutely impenetrable.

A pile of cryptograms lay on the desk. The Great Detective hastily tore them open one after the other, solved them, and threw them down the cryptogram-chute at his side.

There was a rap at the door.

The Great Detective hurriedly wrapped himself in a pink domino, adjusted a pair of false black whiskers and cried:

"Come in."

His secretary entered. "Ha!" said the detective, "it is you!"

He laid aside his disguise.

"Sir," said the young man in intense excitement, "a mystery has been committed!"

"Ha!" said the Great Detective, his eye kindling, "is it such as to completely baffle the police of the entire continent?"

"They are so completely baffled with it," said the secretary, "that they are lying on the ground in heaps; many of them have committed suicide."

"So," said the detective, "and is the mystery one that is absolutely unparalleled in the whole recorded annals of the London police?"

"It is."

"And I suppose," said the detective, "that it involves names which you would scarcely dare to breathe, at least without first using some kind of atomizer or throat-gargle?"

"Exactly."

"And it is connected, I presume, with the highest diplomatic consequences, so that if we fail to solve it England will be at war with the whole world in sixteen minutes?"

His secretary, still quivering with excitement, again answered yes.

"And finally," said the Great Detective, "I presume that it was committed in broad daylight, in some such place as the entrance of the Bank of England, or in the cloak-room of the House of Commons, and under the very eyes of the police?"

"Those," said the secretary, "are the very conditions of the mystery."

"Good," said the Great Detective, "now wrap yourself in this disguise, put on these brown whiskers and tell me what it is."

The secretary wrapped himself in a blue domino with lace insertions, then, bending over, he whispered in the ear of the Great Detective:

"The Prince of Württemberg has been kidnapped."

The Great Detective bounded from his chair as if he had been kicked from below.

A prince stolen! Evidently a Bourbon! The scion of one of the oldest families in Europe kidnapped. Here was a mystery indeed worthy of his analytical brain.

His mind began to move like lightning.

"Stop!" he said, "how do you know this?"

The secretary handed him a telegram. It was from the Prefect of Police of Paris. It read: "The Prince of Württemberg stolen. Probably forwarded to London. Must have him here for the opening day of Exhibition. \$5,000 reward."

So! The Prince had been kidnapped out of Paris

at the very time that his appearance at the International Exposition would have been a political event of the first magnitude.

With the Great Detective to the rescue, and to act as a bodyguard. Frequently he could do both together.

"We're to Paris for a day," said the Prince.

The secretary bowed and

"At the same moment

there was a slight scratching at the door.

A visitor entered. He crawled stealthily on his hands and knees. A hearth-rug thrown over his head and shoulder disguised his identity.

He crawled to the end of the room.

Then he rose.

Great Heaven!

It was the Prince of Württemberg.

"You!" said the detective.

"Me," said the Prince Minister.

"You have come in regard to the kidnapping of

the Prince of Württemberg?"

The Prince Minister started.

"How do you know?" he said.

The Great Detective smiled his inscrutable smile.

"Yes," said the Prince Minister. "I will use no concealment. I am interested, deeply

interested. Had the Prince of Württemberg let him sit back

to Paris and I could add \$5,000 to the reward already offered.

"Yes," he repeated, "much depends on getting him back.

But I have no time to say this: my sister is desirous of see-

ing you. She is coming here. She has been extremely indiscreet and her fortune hangs upon the

Prince. Get him back to Paris or I fear she will be ruined. But listen," he said, "impressively as he left

the room, "see to it that no attempt is made to alter the marking of the Prince, or to clip his tail."

So! To clip the Prince's tail! The brain of the

Great Detective reeled. So! a gang of miscreants had conspired to—but not the thing was not possible.

The face of the Great Detective showed the most profound sympathy. It ran up and down in fur-

rows. "So," he muttered, "the sister of the Prin-

Minister, the Countess of Dashleigh! Accus-

ed as he was to the life of the aristocracy, even the

Great Detective felt that there was here intrigue of more than customary complexity.

There was a loud wrapping at the door.

There entered the Countess of Dashleigh. She

was all in furs.

She was the most beautiful woman in England.

She strode imperiously into the room.

She seized a chair imperiously and seated herself on it, imperial side up.

She took off her tiara of diamonds and put it on the tiara-holder beside her and

uncoiled her boa of pearls and put it on the

pearl-stand.

"You have come," said the Great Detective, "about the Prince of Würt-

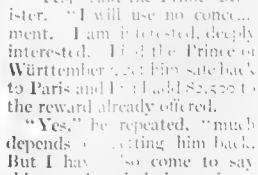
temberg."

"Wretched little pup!" said the Coun-

test of Dashleigh in disgust.



The great detective wore a long green gown—false whiskers hung on a whisker-stand beside him



"A further complicity," said the Prince, "the Countess encouraged the young Baron as a pupil."

"Very interested in the matter," said the

Countess. "I am rather

sympathetic. Why, I bred him!"

"A young man," said the

Great Detective, "his usual features seemed

to be common. He said

"I had been," said the

Countess, "and I've got

seen his chances, so

back in Paris. Only when

she was a young child

of the Prince, but his

features were not his

features, but they were

features of the Prince

features of the Prince

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PASSION

Hains

and the man was never connected with its history. He made record shots with the piece and his gun took the prize for accurate shooting. His men in the gun crew began to take an interest in the rifle themselves, taking their cue from their petty officer. He mentioned his own feelings in the matter and the rest came to regard him as a man with a hobby that of rifled guns and target practice.

Several years later, in the Winter, the battleship went south with the rest of the fleet for the cold weather maneuvers, and the routine of the navy as dull with monotony. Under the influence of the tropic sunshine Big Jim seemed to grow more at ease and became more normal in his behavior. He talked more, he chatted of the score he could make with the gun at practice and told how he would win the medal for the ship. What it came to things of the shore, especially women, he grew quiet again and refused to take part in the ordinary sailor's pleasures which consist of race and women as a rule in the full meaning of the term. Remained aboard most of the time and when he had shore leave he went much alone, when he went at all.

"Getting to be a regular 'lug' and nutty on gunfire," said the men, "but he's sure to get us the medal and the thousand dollars prize money—we'll help him stick to the thing."

"As for me, I'd rather have a sane man behind the gun in time of fighting or real use," said a little fat landsman called Roberts, "but I don't mind his methods as long as he don't make us do things. I've been a 'brass-boy' most of the time I've been in ships and would like to get along as well as the next man."

"Well, you never got along with any officer yet that I ever heard tell of," said Jackson who was number three in the crew, "about all

you are good for is to find fault with those over you." The little fat landsman kept quiet.

"We'll stop all day at Key West and let the men have a day ashore," said the Captain.

"Aye, aye, sir," assented the Lieutenant-Commander who acted as navigating officer. "I suppose we can let the crowd there go over the ship? They are mighty proud of our record."

"Oh, certainly, let the ship be open for two hours after seven bells—that'll be time enough for the tourists to see her. She does look good. I must confess, and if we make our average like we did last week, we'll make a record for five thousand yards that will never, in my opinion, be beaten. There's a big crowd at Key West this time of year, getting to be quite a health resort for lungers—dress ship early and report to me."

The inhabitants of the little tobacco city were aroused early by the guns saluting the Secretary of the Navy who arrived to review the fleet in target practice. The great white hulls of the fighting machines were clean and spotless as they congregated to the southward.

All that week Big Jim had been under the constant strain of gun-fire. The concussion of the larger guns seemed not to affect the men as much as the sharper cracks and whip-like reports of the twelve pounders and six pounder rapid-fire guns. Men who were seldom nervous, now showed signs of the nerve racking due the terrific shocks. The orders were for all men engaged to place small wads of cotton in their ears and keep their mouths open during the work, but the smashing roar of the lighter batteries had caused much bleeding from the nose and mouth and the men concerned were tired of it.

Jim had developed unusual taciturnity during the last few days. He was always at the starboard gun and was sighting, training, and elevating it to such an abnormal extent that his officer had to remonstrate with him. "What's the matter with you, anyhow?" growled the Lieutenant of the turret to him as Jim patted the polished steel of the breech and spoke incoherently in a murmur. "What's got into your nut? Can't you drill without that muttering, that noise? If you don't I'll have to put another man in your place. You know it's against the regulations and must stop it."

Jim looked up at him in surprise. There was something in the fellow's eyes the officer did not like but he was a man the gun could hardly dispense with just at the moment and Jim, might break or make the record. He had developed into an amazing shot.

He seemed to "feel the gun, to use it as a live thing, to coddle its massiveness into a hair-splitting tenderness of motion and action, stopping its swinging at the right moment and giving the azimuth the exact scale. The rise and fall of the ship nursed his giant into giving and taking with exact time. When firing upon a rise, he always had the gun explode exactly right, never too low to tear up the sea, nor too high to send the shell roaring over the distant target. Yet all the time he muttered strangely, as was against the regulations. Men in the service do not shout and cheer, for nothing, nor do they keep up a running comment in audible tones. Silence and attention to duty is the proper thing.

"I takes a heap of interest in this here gun, sir, he's my friend, sir—I'll make him do the best I can, sir," answered Jim politely.

"Well, cut out that murmuring—it don't sound good to me. You are a great shot, a great gun pointer, but this is the navy, remember. You are not in a merchant ship."

The little fat-bellied landsman grinned and

snickered loud enough for the officer to hear him.

"Now, fatty, don't try to fool me, this a joke. Stand attention, sir, or you'll sorry for it—silence," snapped the officer.

Among the guests who landed the battleship that morning were several Northern visitors of the middle class, the class that is the backbone of the working force in the United States. An old man, accompanied by a young woman who was black, came up the companionway and stood at the dock in amazed interest. The old man was shaky and coughed much after walking up the steps, and the woman took his arm and led him gently to a quarter-bitt, where he rested for a moment. Then they went along with the rest of the crowd who were there to see the representative ships of their country's navy. Neither had been in a ship before and the giant machine meant little or nothing to them.

"She's big, very big," said the old man, "but a lot of money is wasted in such things. I hear they are having target practice. I guess, Jennie, I would like to see them shoot those big guns. Let's go and take a look at that one over there."

"When you feel tired, father, come back to the boarding house. I must say I care much for ship and guns."

They strolled up the deck to the forward turret where the long rifles poked their noses out over the white planks. They peeped over the port of the starboard rifle and through the opening they saw a large man polishing the breech of the gun. His face was bent down over the work and they could not see it at first. The old man, however, of their heads at the chase of the gun came to look up suddenly. "Good old John, what a fellow! What we'll do, hey?" he muttered as he turned himself.

The woman gave a start and looked at him. The man-of-war man leaned forward, peering along the chase of the rifle and looking through the opening. "Jennie," he yelled.

"My Heavens, Jim—it's you!" the old man cried. "Polishing rags, cleaner than the deck together."

"Wait—let me come out. I'll talk to you, —this is it—he's right here," Jim, through the port.

"Come away, we must go," the old man said. "Her father."

The old man led her to the small boat and soon to a



They dragged him out of the flaming turret and his clothes fell from him in cinders.

small boat awaiting there which rowed them ashore. They did not speak of Jim until they arrived at their place of abode, when Jennie asked,

"What did he mean?"

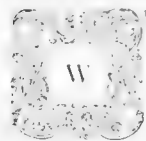
"He's a big man—he might mean anything," said her father, "but I had known he was a seaman in the navy I should have gone aboard. You must forget him. He killed John, and John was all right except when drunk—and he was your husband."

Before Jim came out of the turret they had gone on Page 22)

The MUTINEERS

By Campbell McCulloch

SUBJECT: PRIVATE ISLAND. Captain Binns, of the transport ship "Ashcroft," having shipped a pretty big long crew of New York, learned by the pilot that these men, raised either for the purpose of the war, or for the purpose of the war, were not to be trusted. The wish is to get them out of the ship, and to take them to the island.



When calmness had overtaken them O'Meara briefly explained what had occurred. He had come down from the bridge on some trilling duty, and as he passed the galley two of the men had sprung out and rushed him. He had knocked one into the scuppers, and the other had dashed back into the galley. O'Meara had his gun with him, and when three more of the crew rushed him he had backed off toward the bridge, and finally let go with one shot. He had reached the point just below the bridge, and, as he thought, had the situation well in hand, when the man at the door had calmly jumped down upon him. The first thought the affair to an immediate conclusion so far as he was concerned.

"What took you for land?" asked the captain.

"Oi was luhkin' for plowat made thin broods," the second mate answered.

"A signal of course," mused the skipper. "In others! I wonder what Mac's doing."

Carmichael laughed.

"Let 'em care so long as 'e has coal behind 'em," he answered. "I told beggars 'e'd drive 'em to the Bank of England if no one else did."

"Plucky lot o' chaps these blazes, ain't they?"

"My word!"

"He'll do his duty, you can take your oath on that," replied Captain Butts.

"There was more like him there than there is trouble at sea," he concluded significantly.

The first mate looked up quickly.

"If you was 'finin' that eye 'e'd come to Mister O'Meara, 'ere, 'as bin—"

"O' dry up!" cried the skipper sharply. "We've got to get out of this mess. Think of having this yarn get about! My stars, we'd never hear the end of it!"

The second mate now returned from the door where he had been listening.

"O'm thinkin' th' ingineer don't be knowin' a-anything about this roocation," he said quietly.

"He'll not be havin' his machines, nor th' gang on deck'll not be goin' below fer to pass th' time as day."

Several quick nods of the head indicated the skipper's concurrence with this idea.

"And there's no need for him to know it," he commented. "Not that you'd call a Scotchman over gabby, and Mac least of all, but he'd always be making some dig about it."

They listened attentively, but silence reigned on deck so far as they could understand, though it was violent from the motion of the vessel that she had been put back upon her course.

"Wot's their little g'ime?" inquired Carmichael. "Th' beggars ain't a-goin' to 'ike a ship an' then do othin' wiv'er."

The trembling Binns spoke up with all the energy and decision of an angle worm.

"Beg parding, Captin' Butts," he stammered, "but them chaps—h'assassin, sir, more rightly in't got no manner o' use fer th' vessel, sir. Up and tells me, sir, as 'ow they was crimped aboard, in 'ave a-goin' to uncrimp 'emselves—"

"What in blazes is 'uncrimp'?" demanded the captain.

"It'on'y a manner o' speakin', sir. They're a-goin' to 'ike th' boats an' quit ship, sir. A-goin' to m'ke a try fer th' fishin' fleet, sir; Gloucester boats, sir, in 'ick h'at sea."

That settled the matter with the skipper then and there.

"Quit my ship, will they? Desert, eh?" he growled.

"Like hades they will. We'll give 'em a bit o' surprise! Make th' beggars think, the devil's back loss, and come aboard for a holiday. They've had a jolly picnic so far, but just let 'em wait! That said!"

The tone was full of menace, and the promise of action, and the two mates and the steward were in high anticipation.

"I'll show 'em what comes o' spavin kind ness," the captain went on grimly. "There, I've treated their rioters as if they'd bin no more o' my own body, and look at how they've treated me! I'll show 'em what I'm capable of!"

The first mate decided.

"He'll do 'at 'e'll do, but I'll not let 'em do it. W'y, there's that chap as you massed 'em, and for 'em, ain't never let th' devil's eye to 'ave a kind look fer it."

The first mate decided.

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AS GOOD AS MEAT



When meat is eliminated from the diet, the selection of vegetable substitutes should be very different from what it is when these are supplementary to meat. Considerable selection from the standpoint of food value is used in the diet to supply both protein and energy, the latter being derived largely from meat fat. Protein (either meat or vegetable) is the most valuable and necessary thing to have on your table.

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Meat has another important use which must be remembered in choosing substitutes; it stimulates more than any other food the normal flow of the digestive gastric juices. Prof. C. F. Langworthy, expert in charge of nutrition investigations in the United States Office of Experiment Stations, has figured out carefully the comparative values of milk, fish, cheese, eggs and vegetable substitutes for meat.

Eggs and milk are perhaps the most common substitutes for meat. Every housewife knows how to prepare them in a great variety of dishes. The old-fashioned bread and milk mush and milk of the early American settlers and the Scotch oatmeal and milk can hardly be improved on for breakfast, but the many modern breakfast cereals are equally as good when eaten with milk. These are good because they are rich in protein, which supplies a fair amount of protein, is also especially rich in starch, which supplies the fuel elements that milk lacks to make it a perfect food.

Though fluid outside the body, milk becomes solid in the stomach. Though 87 per cent. of milk is water, the food value of milk is higher than most people think. Many consider it only as a beverage, like coffee, yet one glass of milk adds as much nutrition to the system as one quarter of a loaf of bread or a slice of cooked beef. In fact it adds more, because the system always digests it more quickly and thoroughly than either meat or bread.

Eggs resemble in composition such animal food as meat, milk and cheese. They are less concentrated than meat and cheese, but on the other hand contain less water than oysters and milk. The average egg, which weighs about two ounces, yields about as much protein and energy producing value as a gill of milk or an ounce of sirloin steak, or two eggs equal a lamb chop.

In trying to lessen the amount of meat eaten, it should be remembered that an abundance of eggs and milk in desserts and other dishes greatly reduce the amount of meat or its equivalent in other parts of the meal. The cup-dia-

gram shows that a cup of pure milk. In the square diagrams, the black indicates the amount of food value in various articles of diet.

"As regards the nutritive value of cheese," says Professor Langworthy, "and the problem of its use in quantity, the extended experiments of the Department of Agriculture have shown that it is a most valuable part of the diet and as a choice source of protein and energy in the daily food, it was thoroughly digested."

"The experiments indicate that JELLY on an average more than 95 per cent. of the fat and the same amount of the protein are digested and over 90 per cent. of the energy is actually available for the body. These figures happen to amount to almost exactly the same as those obtained from meat."

In the course of the study of cheese dishes made by Miss Hunt in the Office of Experiment Stations and referred to above, an attempt was made to standardize and to reduce the cost and also the fat content of cheese fondue, whose ingredients are usually milk, bread crumbs, cheese, butter and eggs, by substituting skim milk for whole milk and omitting the butter. In this way a recipe was reached for a dish which contained almost exactly the same amount of protein and also had almost exactly the same fuel value as a pound of meat and a pound of potatoes.

The ingredients for this dish were 1 cup of skim milk, 1 1/2 cups of bread crumbs, 1 1/2 cups SUGAR or six ounces of grated cheese, and 4 eggs. Estimating the cost of a quart of skim milk as 3 cents, and supposing bread is 5 cents a loaf, cheese 25 cents a pound and eggs 25 cents a dozen, the cost of this dish would be 18 cents and would serve six people. When beef is 20 cents a pound and potatoes a dollar a bushel (i. e., 2 cents a pound), a meal or course composed of a pound of each of them would cost 22 cents, and would serve fewer people than the cheese dish.

A loaf may be made of white beans cooked and mashed, bread crumbs, and cottage cheese, such a dish being particularly palatable when seasoned with a little finely chopped parsley, celery, and chives or onion. If the above roll is made with one can (20 ounces net) of MACARONI red kidney beans, 1 cup or 4 ounces of grated cheese, 1 cup or 2 1/2 ounces of bread crumbs, and 1 tablespoonful of butter, its composition and also its fuel value are almost identical with these factors for a pound of round of beef with a pound of potatoes, and the cheese dish would also serve a greater number.

Why!

Zara stayed the night—and next day, having wired to Mimi to meet her at the station, she returned to London.

They talked in the Waterloo waiting-room, and poor Mimi seemed so glad and happy—and then he saw her and her small bag into a taxi, she was going back to her uncle's, and was to take Mimi down next day—and on the following one start herself for Paris.

"But I can't go back to Park Lane without seeing Mirko now," she said. "I did not tell my uncle what train I was returning by; there is plenty of time, I will go and have tea with you at Neville Street, it will be like old times—we will boil the kettle on the fire, and get some cakes on the way."

So Mimi gladly got in with her, and they started. He had a new suit of clothes, and a new felt hat—and looked a wonderfully

hand-some foreign gentleman, and his manner to women was always courteous and gallant, and Zara smiled and looked almost happy, as they arranged the details of their surprise tea party for Mirko.

And at that moment there passed them in Whitehall a motor-car going very fast—the inmate of which, a handsome young man—caught the most fleeting glimpse of them; hardly enough to be certain he recognized Zara. But it gave him a great start and thrill.

"It cannot be she," he said to himself. "She went to Paris yesterday—but if it is—who is the man?"

To be continued—don't pay \$1.50 to read Elinor Glyn's "Why" in book form, when you can get it for nothing and with more and better illustrations in this magazine section.

You Must Get this Great Free Book on Florida

THIS Wonderful Book is filled from cover to cover with facts about Florida, of great value and fascinating interest to every reader. It gives you the fullest information yet published on the land of comfort and big money crops. And it shows you plainly just how you can secure at small cost, on long time easy payments, a truck or fruit ranch in the world's greatest proven, protected grapefruit, orange and truck farm district.



We Want You to Send TODAY For "A NEW DOMINION"

This is the name of a great book on Florida—filled to the brim with first-hand information, data and vital statistics of this wonderful state

"A NEW DOMINION" will give you the definite information you are looking for. It tells all about Florida in general—and the Orlando Florida Farms—the most magnificent tract of Florida land ever opened to the public—in particular.

The Orlando Florida Farms start within about three and one-half miles of Orlando—the busiest, prettiest and fastest growing city in Florida. These farms are in the very heart of Florida's greatest producing section. Never before has this land been sold in small tracts. For the first time we are in a position to offer it in 5, 10, 20 and 40 acre allotments.

Here is land located in the proven, protected orange and grapefruit section of Florida; here is land also that is in the soil belt which produces the greatest returns in the growing of vegetables for the winter markets of the North.

Orlando is a City of Over 7,000 People

Orlando, the County Seat of Orange County, Florida, has a population of more than 7,000, and is the greatest shipping point for citrus fruits in the state.

Orange County may truthfully be called the real banner county of the state. In the production of oranges, grapefruit, tangerines, etc., this county leads; in the production of trucking crops, such as celery, lettuce, cabbage, onions, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, etc., is not approached by any other section of Florida.

The successful truck growers of Orange County are today realizing anywhere from \$250 to \$1,000 per acre each year. The owners of grapefruit and orange groves are making crops that yield from \$600 to \$1,200 per acre.

\$1.00 An Acre Down and \$1.00 An Acre Per Month

The tract of land known as the Orlando Florida Farms, which we are offering in 5, 10, 20 and 40 acre allotments, is superbly located—has perfect drainage, pure water, and incomparable health conditions. This land lies about 100 feet above sea level, and the climate, both summer and winter in this section, is magnificent.

Transportation facilities are of the very best—three great railroad systems bounding it on the North, East and West.

We are offering this immensely productive land at \$30.00 per acre on the easiest possible terms—\$1.00 an acre down and \$1.00 an acre per month; and

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This book is the best of its kind for it at once tells you the complete story of a great money-making opportunity in our Northern Florida farms and how to get the best of Florida land. It is the only book of its kind showing the exact location of these farms.

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FREE INFORMATION BLANK

Orlando Florida Farms Co.,
307 Fisher Building, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, postage paid, and without any obligation on my part whatsoever, your free book entitled "A NEW DOMINION," map showing location of the Orlando Florida Farms, and all information concerning this land.

ORLANDO FLORIDA FARMS CO.,
307 Fisher Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Where All the Flies Come From

THE old question, "Where do all the flies come from?" has been answered at last by the United States Government. Prof. L. O. Howard, chief of the Bureau of Entomology, has been studying the habits and life history of flies for years, and has discovered that each female fly lays 100 to 200 eggs at a time and that she will lay 100 of these enormous batches of eggs before she considers her motherly duties fulfilled.



Professor Howard began studying flies in the early part of June, and he found that the eggs which the fly laid on June 1st had hatched out into flies within ten days, and that each of the 120 young flies were ready to start right in laying eggs at the same rate that their mother had laid them. There is, thus, abundance of time for the development of 12 or 13 generations during the summer, before the flies begin to hibernates.

Starting with the first batch of 120 eggs laid by the original fly on June 1st, we arrive at the following astounding table of consequences by the last of September, when the breeding season ends:

June 1	One fly lays	120
10	120 flies lay	14,400
20	14,400 flies lay	1,728,000
30	1,728,000 flies lay	207,360,000
July 10	207,360,000 flies lay	24,883,200,000
20	24,883,200,000 flies lay	2,985,984,000,000
30	2,985,984,000,000 flies lay	358,318,112,000,000,000
Aug. 9	358,318,112,000,000 flies lay	42,997,778,240,000,000,000
19	42,997,778,240,000,000 flies lay	5,159,777,346,880,000,000,000
29	5,159,777,346,880,000,000 flies lay	619,177,681,264,000,000,000,000
Sept. 8	619,177,681,264,000,000 flies lay	74,291,203,751,680,000,000,000,000
18	74,291,203,751,680,000 flies lay	8,914,543,744,256,000,000,000,000,000
28	8,914,543,744,256,000 flies lay	1,069,741,281,249,310,720,000,000,000,000,000

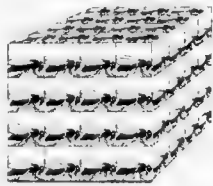
But the total just stated is the resulting progeny of the mother fly and her first batch of 120 eggs. Professor Howard tells us that each fly usually lays four such batches of eggs. So by multiplying the above figure by four we find the following:

4,367,817,497,712,880,000,000,000,000,000

One mother fly might, therefore, in one summer produce twelve generations of children, grandchildren, etc., until her descendant numbered four octillions, three hundred and eighty-four septillions, seven hundred and twenty-four sextillions, nine hundred and seventy-seven quintillions, two hundred and forty-two quadrillions, eight hundred and eighty trillions.

The human mind cannot grasp the full magnitude of these figures—four octillions of little flies! But a little computation begins to reveal what a stupendous mass it would be.

Suppose we say that an average house fly measures a quarter of an inch in length



Of course these figures assume that each fly is a mother fly, capable of laying eggs, which is half the flies would be male flies, and have no direct offspring. But, on the other hand, the figures given above are vastly inadequate and do not begin to be big enough. This will be seen when it is realized that each one of the flies in the above calculation is only allowed to lay one batch of eggs, whereas as she is entitled to lay four batches of eggs, and each of these three extra batches of eggs might hatch out into flies and go on laying their four batches of eggs.

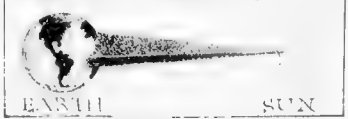
This would be a perfectly legitimate thing to reckon, but the figures would run beyond anything which the space of this magazine could print, and it would be as hopeless as it would be to compute the grains of sand at the seashore—no number is big enough to express it.

Now, of course, all the eggs a fly lays do not hatch out, and that fortunate fact is what saves us from such a pest of flies as would ruin the world. But the lesson



and a quarter of an inch in height when she stretches her legs or wings, and a quarter of an inch in width. Four flies standing in Indian file would reach just one inch. Sixteen flies would occupy one square inch. Sixty-four flies would make one cubic inch.

Thus we see that there would be 253,440 flies in a mile if they stood one in front of the other. If all the four octillion flies stood in a continuous line they would reach 70,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 miles; they would reach 833,000,000,000,000,000,000 times around the earth. Spread out over the surface of the earth, they would make a carpet over the entire globe more than a thousand miles thick. Stretched out to the sun, which is 92,000,000 miles away, these flies would project to the very center of the solar system; passing Venus and Mercury, on the way, they would form a huge road from the



at all this is that every fly should be killed whenever possible. Nature man-ages to see that countless millions of eggs never hatch successfully, and it is left for mankind to see that such flies as do survive are exterminated.

Man has brought upon himself the duty of exterminating flies because he has thoughtlessly aided the fly in its multiplication. In the first place he has killed off the natural enemies of the fly—the birds, which if alive would consume them by the billion.

Human beings in their careless-ness have made invaluable foods lying about for the insect to breed in. Horses in the city, pigs, poultry, chicken manure, etc., in the country, provide ideal places for the laying and hatching of eggs. As man has been so much kinder to the fly than Nature meant to be, he must make war or suffer forever from the pest

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We want you to know Durham-Duplex, the safe razor. We want you to know its actual experience how smoothly and easily it shaves. It is the most perfect razor. It has the hang and set and correct direction of stroke of the good old straight razor without the dangerous naked blade.

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The demonstrating razor is offered to you for the purpose of acquainting you with the superiority of the Durham-Duplex Razors and Blades. The Durham-Duplex Blade is given with each Demonstrator.

WE HAVE MADE THE DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD, AND AS SUCH WE WILL MAINTAIN IT. 50 cents will buy 12 cutting edges.

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This is the Durham Demonstrator. It comes to you with one Durham-Duplex blade, ready to use.



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Dear Sir: Enclosed find 35 cents in coin or stamps for a Durham Demonstrator razor and blade, as above.

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Makes any old sewing machine run lightly—keeps hinges from squeaking. Oils clocks, bicycles, guns, anything that needs lubrication. Cleans easily; polishes beautifully; planes, mahogany, any furniture. Moves dirt, grime, grease—restores natural lustre of the wood. Polishes nickel surfaces—bath room fixtures, stoves, prevents rust on any metal, indoors or out.

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THIS famous French perfume is the most exquisite in the world. Its popularity is wonderful, its sales enormous.

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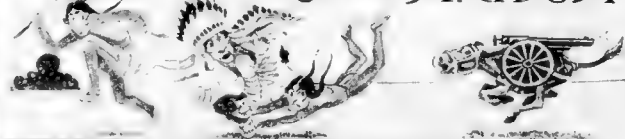
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ENOUGH TO FRIGHTEN ANYBODY



When Augustus O. Slay Stanley, an investigator of the Steel Trust, was making his first fight for election to Congress he challenged Senator Bradley, of Kentucky, to meet him in joint debate. Bradley, a gray-haired Senator, saw no reason why he should meet a young Democrat who was running for election to the House for the first time. He declined the invitation to a joint debate.

While Bradley was addressing his Republican meeting several nights later word was brought to him that young Stanley, at another meeting in another hall, was openly charging that the Republican Senator was afraid to meet him. Bradley told his own audience about it.

"I admit very frankly that I am afraid,"

The Spirit of Passion

(Continued from Page 15)

and he wandered about the deck looking for the pair among the crowd of visitors. Failing to find them he went below. He showed signs of breakdown that were unmistakable and the ship's surgeon noticed his strained and insane looks.

"No, I'm not sick—I saw her right enough. My head may be a bit bad but that's all. I've got to win the prize to-morrow. No, I can't be sick," said the gun-captain.

With the sunshine sparkling on the Gulf Stream, the huge floating fortresses stood out to sea for the final shooting that would decide the supremacy of the ships in the navy. The men were at their stations and the flag, flying aboard the Admiral's ship, told of the distinguished visitor that would review the affair that was of vast importance to the country. The marksman-ship of the men who fight in modern warfare is of far more importance than anything else except equipment. It had been proved during the Spanish War that anyone could be a marksman, but it was a different thing to do execution with one. The destruction of a war-ship depended upon the landing of a twelve-inch shell in a vital part, for few vessels are built that can take many such missiles into them and survive the stroke of the half a ton of steel at the velocity given by modern guns. For this reason much trouble and hard work has been done by the navy to develop the highest efficiency in the use of their weapons. The old-time training to handle a ship by means of her sails was given over to the more essential features of modern warfare, which in the giant steam-driven fortresses consists more especially in hurling shell with rapidity and accuracy at great distances.

The firing began at three thousand yards range and the target was a fixed frame of wood with a canvas shield marked to represent the side of a hostile warship, or rather a section of the side. The ship ahead of the target opened with her turret guns and the booming report of the batteries came over the calm sea. Officers and men looked alike, their interest up to the highest pitch. A great hole showed near the middle of the target at the first discharge. The men of Jim's crew commented among themselves.

"She's getting the range right—she'll hit us in a minute or two," growled the gun-captain.

The Lieutenant in charge of the turret gazed at the shots through his glasses and his face took on a look of anxiety as the huge shells from the heavy rifles tore the canvas and flew over the sea over it in clouds. The Admiral was making very accurate work from his distance and speed. It would be very difficult to beat. Between the booming reports the silence was intense. The wireless could be heard clicking its snapping report from above and the men almost held their breath as the last great shell tore off a corner of the target. Eight hits out of ten came the signal. It was something to beat it and the

he said, "But I say to you, ladies and gentlemen, that fear sometimes is the essence of wisdom. There was once a troop of cavalry engaged in a battle with a band of Indians. The American troops had a cannon, which was hitched to a jackass. Volley after volley was fired into the Indians, but they stood their ground, returning the compliment with poisoned arrows. Suddenly, however, the jackass took fright at the noise of the cannon and started off pell-mell into the midst of the Indians, who turned and fled. The Americans captured the chief and asked him why it was his followers had taken to flight so suddenly.

"We no 'fraid bullets and white face," explained the chief, "but when cannon fire jackass at us we run."

There was a moment of quiet. Then the order, "Fire!"

The shell from Jim's gun hit the target, knocked it slantwise and the ragged canvas torn away, stretched into fantastic shapes, one of them looking just like the face of a man in profile. The roar of the port rifle drowned any comment and the shock within the turret caused the men to desist from any attempt to converse.

Jim stood looking along the sight slit, gazing at the target and his eyes had a wild look in them.

"Load," came the order and the automatic mechanism worked by electricity swung the turret and the men threw the breech open for the next charge. "By the way," he—Jim—John—don't shoot him," yelled a voice within the turret. The officer looked and saw Jim staring out over the sea through the sight hole along the chase of the rifle. The men had blown the breech with air and pushed the powder bases into the chamber.

"No, by Heaven, you sha'n't shoot him—it's John, it's John—it's John himself, and he's left the gun!"

With a quick movement the big seaman threw the breech mechanism half open against the wires of the primer. There was a slight flash, a puff of smoke and a sharp report. Then a stream of flame shot from the opening breech. It roared out, burst forth, tore out full force as the charge ignited and then the whole mass of powder of the charge exploded into the turret.

Only one man came forth alive. He was a blackened creature with hardly the semblance of a human being. They dragged him out of that flaming hell and his clothes fell from him in cinders. Fortunately the doors to the magazine closed and the flame did not follow down the ammunition hoist leading to the turret. The inside of that steel structure was like the inside of a furnace after the fire of the charge had blown out. Everything was burned black and roasted in the terrific heat of the powder charge.

The smoke cleared away and the horror of the thing that had caused a panic now began to abate a little and men entered the place. A turret dead was the toll.

The burned and disfigured man who was alive raved audibly for a few minutes. The officer leaned down close to him, trying to get some information as to how the terrible thing happened—he knew the man would live but a few moments. "It was John, all right—he was in the rifle—you've thrown him in the fire—I'm not guilty,—No!—No!"

"Raving," said the surgeon. "He'll die in a moment—poor devil—poor devil."

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The EVOLUTION of the COMB

TAKE away my lady's comb, and how can she make her tresses? But you could not take away her comb, and she would miss it, for the five fingers of the human hand, with which the hair is parted or divided into locks and arranged. It, however, took in woman had nothing but this natural comb with which to work she could not accomplish the wonders of feminine architecture with which her head has been filled.

Woman's demand for this necessary implement was felt so early in the history of mankind that all record of the first comb invented has been lost—for it goes back to prehistoric times.

So simple at first women used the branches of thorn-trees as dividers of their flowing locks. But finding this inconvenient they took the withes of the yew-tree and tied a number of them together with the sinews of animals, so that the points formed a comb.

The oldest comb in the world is of this fashion and was found side by side with the skeleton of the woman who used it, deep down in one of the caves inhabited by the men and women of the early Stone Age. Scientists have proved from geological arguments that anywhere from one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand years have elapsed since the men and women of the Stone Age lived, so this comb is undoubtedly the oldest comb used by woman. Perhaps she made it for her but there is no likelihood that he used it on himself.

After this bound comb was made ages may have elapsed before primitive man, with his crude implements of stone managed to reverse the comb of four teeth, but it could not step forward, as compared with the comb tied together.

For our ancestors had to wait for the discovery of the use of metals, but many centuries before this time the comb had been made of bone, ivory and shell. The oldest comb of bone is that of the Lake-Dwellers of Zurich, and of bronze is that of the early Egyptians. It must have been hailed as a great boon, and certainly the belle who first flaunted her flowing hair with this bronze comb, aroused the envy of her feminine friends, and very soon every one that could afford it had one. "Just like hers."

There is a long step from primitive woman to the high civilization of Assyria and Egypt, and it is clearly shown in the artistic quality of the magnificent ebonywood combs, so handsomely carved, used by the belles of Babylon.

In Egypt and Assyria implements of the toilet received attention from the most skilful artisans, and the results appear in the magnificent combs preserved in all the museums of the Old and the New World.

That primitive man always works in the same way is plainly illustrated in the modern combs of the Congo Negroes, which are nothing but withes of trees tied together, just like the comb of the Stone Age. This would go to prove that the savage of our day is just about on the same level as the man and woman of the Stone Age, and that the tool of a comb is felt by one as it was felt by the other.

Once metal had been adapted to the making of implements for daily use a high degree of skill was attained in the molding and carving of the combs of the women. Schliemann, who uncovered the ruins of ancient Troy found combs of beautiful workmanship such as must have been used by Helen and her sisters in distress.

Amid the ruins of ancient Britain are combs of remarkably fine workmanship, made of wood, bronze, ivory and tortoise-shell.

All of the ancient combs were made by hand, of course, but in modern times machinery is used for the turning out of combs in enormous quantities. One factory in Germany produces 30,000 combs every working day in the year. But the man who made combs so cheap as to be within the reach of the poorest was the American, Charles Goodyear, who invented the process of making hard rubber. The invention of celluloid has also helped to cheapen the cost of combs, and the latest material out of which combs are made is galalith, a product made out of milk.

It is because of the perfecting of mechanical production that no woman is so poor that she may not own a comb—and thus the luxury of the wealthy has become the every-day necessity of the poor.



Maddened by Mystery

(Continued from page 13)

Into others he penetrated as a clergyman. His disguise was perfect. Nobody paid attention to him as long as he had the priest's garb.

His search proved fruitless.

Two young men were arrested under suspicion of being the Prince, only to be released.

The identification was incomplete in each case.

One had a long wet snout but no hair on his back.

The other had hair on his back but couldn't bark.

Neither of them was the young Bourbon. The Great Detective continued his search.

Suddenly, after midnight, he visited the home of the Prime Minister. He examined the room top to bottom. He measured all the doors and windows. He took up the flooring. He inspected the plumbing. He examined the furniture. He found nothing.

Still undismayed, the Great Detective made his way into the home of the Countess of Durbach. Disguised as a housemaid, he secured the service of the Countess. Then, at last, the clue came which gave him a solution of the mystery.

On the wall of the Countess' boudoir was a large framed engraving

It was a portrait

Under it was a printed legend

THE PRINCE OF WURTEMBERG

The portrait was that of a Dachsund. The long body, the broad ears, the unclipped tail, the short hind legs—all was there.

In the fraction of a second the lightning mind of the Great Detective had penetrated the whole mystery.

The Prince was a dog!!!!

Hastily throwing a domino over his housemaid's dress, he rushed to the street. He summoned a passing hansom, and in a few moments was at his house.

"I have it," he gasped to his secretary, "the mystery is solved. I have pieced it together. By sheer analysis I have reasoned it out. Listen—hind legs, hair on back, wet snout, pup—eh, what? does that suggest nothing to you?"

"Nothing," said the secretary; "it seems perfectly hopeless."

The Great Detective, now recovered from his excitement, smiled faintly.

"It means simply this, my dear fellow. The Prince of Wurtemberg is a dog, a prize Dachsund. The Countess of Durbach

(Continued on page 25)

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Why there are More BOY Babies than GIRL Babies

ALMOST everybody knows that there are more boy babies born than girl babies. Just why this should be so has been a puzzling question to answer. Recent scientific experiments and investigation in Germany, France and America have cleared up a few of the mysteries of sex and have brought to light some curious and hitherto unknown facts.

One of the surprises which greeted the researchers of the scientists was the discovery that very young infants in very old parents are likely to have boy babies. The question of the influence of the age of the parent has been studied by Rosenfeld of Vienna, Frick of Norway and the famous Bertillon of France, and they all agree on the enormous preponderance of male births in cases of mothers under seventeen years of age and fathers under twenty years of age, but this very marked tendency toward boy babies drops to about an even chance with parents twenty-five years of age. In families where there are fourteen children or more, and the parents are naturally well along in years, it has been found that the fourteenth child, and all those following, are almost invariably boys.

In the case of middle-aged couples, there is about an even uniformity in births of boy and girl babies, up to the eighth child. The first child is usually a boy and the last child is usually a boy.

So we now know what was never known before—that young parents and old parents are likely to have boy babies, while middle-aged parents the chances are about even for boys or girls. The next step in the investigations which are now going on is to find out what are the physiological changes which occur in the parent to cause this.

It has also been discovered that the tendency toward babies of one sex or the other, varies with race.

In India, Africa, South America and other countries where people mature rapidly, it is now law applies much earlier than in the temperate zones. In such countries boys preponderate in children of parents from 14 to 18 years old and again after the age of 28. In the hot countries 14 is not surprisingly young and 28 is well along in life.

Thus, the preponderance of male over female births is remarkably uniform in all branches of the Semitic race; but it is not existent at all in the negro race. Why this curious fact should be so has not yet been explained, but investigations are being pursued to find out.

It has been established that there are no important differences as regards the capacity for producing a child of one sex rather than another, which are permanent in the individual. All fathers and all mothers are equally likely to have children of either sex.

except for the variations that may be due to age, as already mentioned. It is thus concluded that there is any way by which a parent can effect the sex of his or her offspring. The first-born child of any mother, no matter what the mother's age may be, is more likely to be a boy, in the proportion of eight chances to seven chances. But after the first child is born the chances are about even whether the next child will be a boy or a girl.

It is believed that sex is not absolutely determined at any one moment, but is the result of a series of accidental causes, some going in one direction and some in another, until the preponderance in one direction finally determines it. Curious and interesting statistics and studies of twins and triplets seem to support this scientific theory that the determination of sex is largely accidental.

The famous Schenck and others who, from earliest history, have collected many fees for influencing, as they claimed, the sex of expected children evidently did not earn their fees. Many a queen has taken nauseous medicine and made a king paid a fortune to "ensure the dynasty when it was only a matter of luck."

The discovery of the laws of heredity by Mendel have opened a broad and an entirely new field of research. Work is now progressing in the study of inherited characteristics with the hope of finding out why one child is blond and his brother a brunette, why several types of head and eyes are developed among brothers and sisters and other puzzling phenomena.

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Maddened by Mystery

(continued from p. 24)

bred him, and he is worth some \$125,000 in addition to the prize of \$50,000 offered at the Paris dog show. Can you wonder that?

At that moment the Great Detective was interrupted by the scream of a woman.

"Great Heaven!"

The Countess of Dashleigh dashed into the room.

Her face was wild.

Her tiara was in disorder.

Her pearls were dripping all over the place.

She wrung her hands and moaned.

"They have cut his tail!" she gasped, "and taken all the hair off his back. What can I do? I am undone!"

"Madame," said the Great Detective, calm as bronze, "do yourself up. I can save you yet."

"You!"

"Me?"

"Listen. This is how. The Prince was to have been shown at Paris."

The Countess nodded.

"Your fortune was staked on him?"

The Countess nodded again.

"The dog was stolen, carried to London, his tail cut and his marks disfigured."

Amazed at the quiet penetration of the Great Detective, the Countess kept on nodding and nodding.

"And are you ruined?"

"I am," she gasped, and sank down on the floor in a heap of pearls.

"Madame," said the Great Detective, "all is not lost."

He straightened himself up to his full

height. A look of unflinching inflexibility shone over his features.

The honor of England, the fortune of the most beautiful woman in England, was at stake.

"I will do it," he murmured.

"Wise, dear lady," he continued. "Fear nothing. I WILL IMPERSONATE THE DOG!"

That night the Great Detective might have been seen on the deck of the Calais packet boat with his secretary. He was on his hands and knees in a long black cloak, and his secretary had him on a short chain.

He barked at the waves, exultingly and licked the secretary's hand.

"What a beautiful dog!" said the passengers.

The disguise was absolutely complete.

The Great Detective had been coated over with mud to which dog hairs had been applied. The markings on his back were perfect. His tail, studded with an automatic comb, moved up and down responsive to every thought. His deep eyes were full of intelligence.

Next day he was exhibited in the Dachshund class at the International show.

He won all hearts.

"Quel beau chien!" cried the French people.

"Ach! was ein Dog!" cried the Germans.

The Great Detective took the first prize! The fortune of the Countess was saved.

Unfortunately, as the Great Detective had neglected to pay the dog tax, he was caught and destroyed by the dogcatchers.

But that is, of course, quite outside of the present narrative, and is only mentioned as an odd fact in conclusion.

Young Man—
Young Woman—

What Are You Doing With Your "By-Product"?

Q The Standard Oil Co., Armour, Swift & Co., have no waste in their manufacturing plants. The ways by which their by-products are utilized are amazing.

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[illegible]

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SAFE WELLS AND DEADLY ONES

MOST everyone who owns a well also possesses a beautiful faith in it. If you doubt the purity of the water, the owner will tell you that he would bet his life on it that there is none purer in the country—and that is a bet which is frequently paid. Whether we want to or not, we gamble our highest stake on our water supply.

The city-dweller knows his beard of health keeps a fairly watchful eye on his water, but he too goes to the city for a wash and takes his clothes on whatever water is in the pipes. And on any promising-looking street he finds in his walks and drives. The well problem is a difficult one in many ways, but it is one of the problems that can no more be avoided safely than those of the fire and police departments.

In the first place, it takes some observation and judgment to locate your well so that it is reasonably free from plution. When you have chosen your location wisely you must build your well and cover it properly. Then you must keep it in order, and last and most important of all, keep a watchful eye that neither you nor

Many a well has supplied the best of water for generations only to become a ditch in a few years because some trusting soul in the neighborhood dug his own pond a few feet deeper than it used to be.

In the first iteration is a case of this type. The well block has no defect. It



A bad well

oughly protected from surface scupings, and with the three strata at such depths it is also "fool proof."

If the water is very cold it is often taken as a proof of purity. It is pleasant and nothing against a well that its temperature is unusually low, but it is no evidence that impurities are not oozing into it from various sources. A spring is commonly believed to



A poor well

is covered and provided with a pump and is properly protected from surface drainage by a layer of impervious loam. This cement has been built deep enough to penetrate beyond this protection, and the natural drainage is into the bottom of the well. The man who built this well went to considerable trouble to do it properly, had the water tested, then satisfied that it was perfectly safe, ordered his cesspool and wonder where his typhoid fever came from.

The second illustration shows a water well. The cess pool and the well are close to each other, that, even to the most ignorant, there should be a suggestion of communication. Besides this, the well, being old, has developed cracks and faults in the sides and there are leaks in the top through which dust, dirt, and surface drainage leak.

Almost the worst possible well is shown in the illustration just below. Placed as it was with a manure-pile on one side and a very much deadlier source of poisoning on the other at the very back of the barn, surrounded on the rear by a pig-pen it would seem to have been designed for murder or suicide. The owner being asked what inspired him to select that particular spot for a well, replied that it was ban ly.

He listened doubtfully to criticism of his well, and answered:



A deadly well

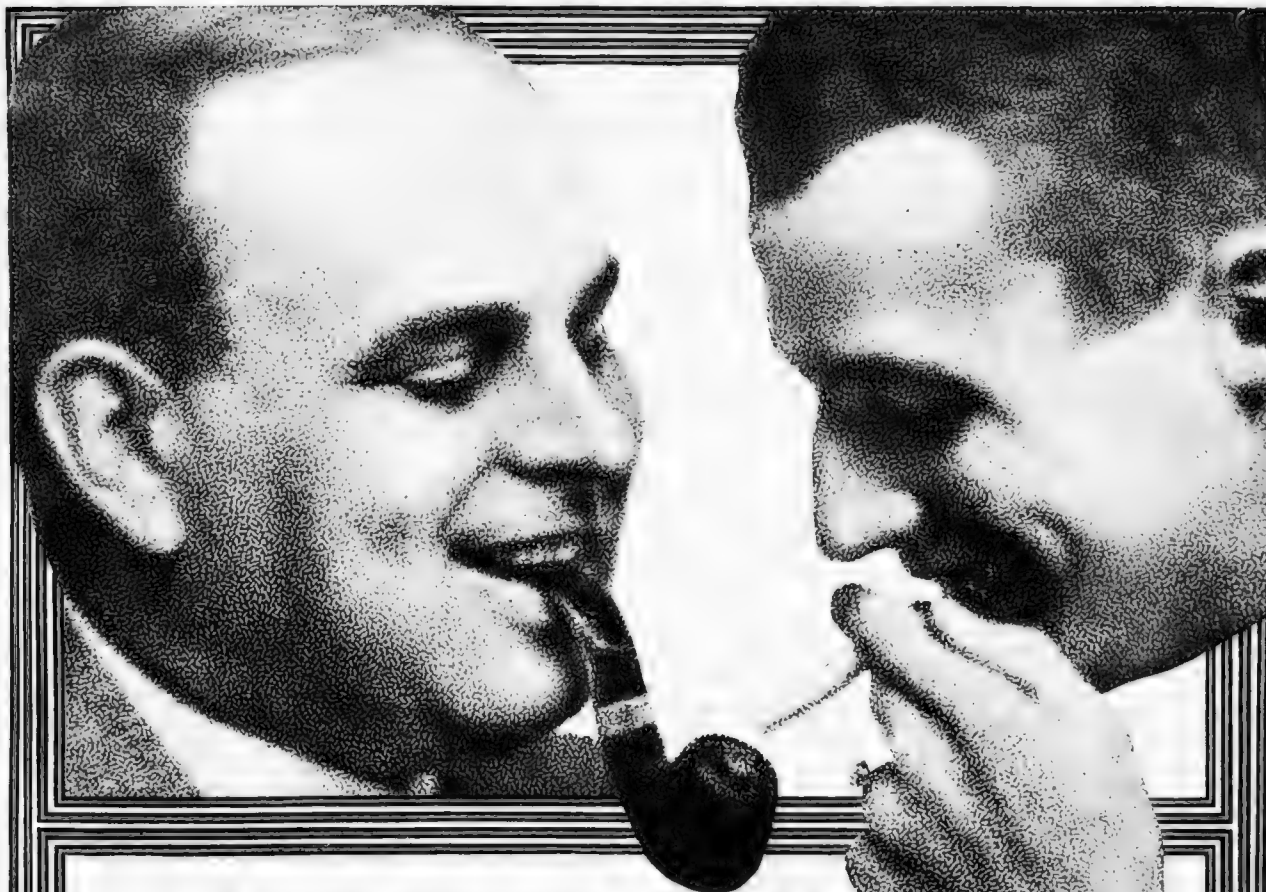
enter little underground ponds or lakes which often prove disappointing, for once pumped out they may take weeks to fill up from some little trickling source. Through the ground itself the water flows very slowly, but steadily and almost always in the same direction. It is pursuing in a gradual and roundabout way the same course as the river, from the highlands to the ocean or lakes.

This movement of what might be called well-water toward the ocean is the explanation of an otherwise puzzling phenomenon seen at the seashore. One may often find a well of pure "sweet" water within a few yards of high-water mark.

The water in the well is not salt water from the ocean, relieved of its salt by passing through the sand and earth. It is fresh water from the clouds which has fallen on some upland or mountain, perhaps in the form of snow, and is just finishing its journey to the sea.



A safe well



Tobacco that makes good at the first fire-up

That's Prince Albert. Tuck it in the bowl of your old jimmy pipe. Roll up a cigarette. A light—and there you are, enjoying a smoke as you never did before. Prince Albert is the make-good tobacco. You don't have to mix it or season it or mull it around in the palms of your hands. It's crimp cut, **ready** for use, ready to light up and begin joy smoking at once.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

has started millions of men to smoking a pipe steady. It has given the pipe a new value, given it a fair shake for the first time.

P. A. won't bite your tongue. We spent a fortune to make it so it *can't*. Our patented process simply doesn't leave a bite or a kick in it. But the good tobacco richness and fragrance are there, all the mellow flavor that makes a real joy smoke. Are you willing to match it time against all we've spent and give Prince Albert a chance to make good in *your* jimmy pipe?

All up-to-date tobacco shops. 10 cent tins, 5 cent bags wrapped in weather-proof paper, half-pound and pound tins with humidors 1 ps. also in pou—humidors of crystal glass a good Christmas gift.

Duck substitutes. It's easy to paint a tin and make claims.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Try this on your pipe organ

*When you're smoking old P. A.
You feel better every day.
Dull care and worry beat
O'er the hills and far away.
Sniff your chips are always true.
When Prince Albert—tried and true,
Is packed down in your "Jimmy"
Then the world feels good to you*



“I Eat It by the
Trunk-full too”



THE ORIGINAL HAS THIS SIGNATURE

W. K. Kellogg

ESTATE IN NEWPORT FOR SUFFERN TAILOR

Mrs. Vanderbilt Prepares for
Coming of Her Daughter
from Hungary.

NEWPORT, Dec. 3.—The Vanderbilt family, who have been in Newport since the death of Mr. Vanderbilt, are preparing for the coming of their daughter, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, from Hungary. Mrs. Vanderbilt is expected to arrive in Newport on Monday, Dec. 4, and will remain here until the end of the month. She is expected to be accompanied by her mother, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, and her sister, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller. The Vanderbilt family is expected to be in Newport for a long time, and will be a great addition to the city.

Countess to Return.
Mrs. Vanderbilt has returned from Hungary, and will be in Newport for a long time. She is expected to be accompanied by her mother, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, and her sister, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller. The Vanderbilt family is expected to be in Newport for a long time, and will be a great addition to the city.

Another Scarc Denial.
At Newport the denial was made that Mrs. Vanderbilt had returned from Hungary. It was stated that she had not returned, and that the report was a hoax. The Vanderbilt family is expected to be in Newport for a long time, and will be a great addition to the city.

WALTHAM YOUNG PEOPLE TO MARRY

Miss Ruth Clayton Danforth
Engaged to William
J. D. Danforth, Jr.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ruth Clayton Danforth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Danforth, of Waltham, to William J. D. Danforth, Jr., of Waltham. The wedding is to be held on Monday, Dec. 4, at the home of the bride's parents. The bride is a daughter of the late Mr. J. D. Danforth, and the groom is the son of Mr. J. D. Danforth.

MILFORD.
The Waltham Young People's Association is planning for one of the old-fashioned New Year parties on Monday, Dec. 4, at the home of the bride's parents. The party is to be held at the home of the bride's parents, and will be a great success.

At the meeting of the Waltham Young People's Association, held on Monday, Dec. 3, the following officers were elected: President, Mr. J. D. Danforth; Vice-President, Mr. J. D. Danforth; Secretary, Mr. J. D. Danforth; Treasurer, Mr. J. D. Danforth.

HIGH SCHOOL WILL GIVE MALDEN PLAY

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram" to
Be Presented for Scholar-
ship Fund.

The Alpha Gamma Club of Malden will give a play, "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," on Monday, Dec. 4, at the home of the bride's parents. The play is to be presented for the benefit of the scholarship fund, and will be a great success.

REVERE.
The Revere High School will give a play, "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," on Monday, Dec. 4, at the home of the bride's parents. The play is to be presented for the benefit of the scholarship fund, and will be a great success.

MALBORO.
The Malboro High School will give a play, "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," on Monday, Dec. 4, at the home of the bride's parents. The play is to be presented for the benefit of the scholarship fund, and will be a great success.

MRS. C. L. READE OF WALTHAM TO APPEAR IN CONCERT NUMBERS

Medford Girl Won Honors as
Poetess and Speaker at
the College.

Mrs. C. L. Reade, of Waltham, will appear in concert numbers on Monday, Dec. 4, at the home of the bride's parents. She is a talented poetess and speaker, and will be a great attraction.

MRS. READE PLANS
FOR CONCERT SEASON
Waltham Singer to Appear in
Several Musical Affairs
During Winter.

Mrs. C. L. Reade, of Waltham, plans to appear in several musical affairs during the winter. She is a talented singer and will be a great attraction.

MISS ADAMS AUTHORITY OF NEW TUFTS SONG

Medford Girl Won Honors as
Poetess and Speaker at
the College.

Miss Adams, of Medford, will appear in concert numbers on Monday, Dec. 4, at the home of the bride's parents. She is a talented poetess and speaker, and will be a great attraction.

SMOKE TALK SERIES
FOR CHURCH SOCIETY
Prominent Name to Address
Holy Name Members in
South Boston.

The Holy Name Church Society will give a series of smoke talks on Monday, Dec. 4, at the home of the bride's parents. The talks will be given by prominent names, and will be a great attraction.

SMOKE TALK SERIES FOR CHURCH SOCIETY

Prominent Name to Address
Holy Name Members in
South Boston.

The Holy Name Church Society will give a series of smoke talks on Monday, Dec. 4, at the home of the bride's parents. The talks will be given by prominent names, and will be a great attraction.

Annual Coffee Party.
The annual coffee party will be given by the Holy Name Church Society on Monday, Dec. 4, at the home of the bride's parents. The party will be a great success.

Nurses' Whist Party.
The Nurses' Whist Party will be given by the Holy Name Church Society on Monday, Dec. 4, at the home of the bride's parents. The party will be a great success.

IMPORTERS LONDON HARNESS CO.

118 Devonshire St.
27 Federal St.

Harness, Saddles
Traveling Essentials
Novelties
Our story is an old one—we have told it with slight variations for years—every article we sell is either produced by our own organization or by the designers and leather workers or imported direct.

Latest Fad
Flashlight Cane
For Fashionable Men and Women who take health walks after dark. A little Electric Searchlight hidden in the handle when turned on illuminates the way.

A Good Traveling
Companion
Flat English Brushes
In Pileskin Case.
For Hair, Clothes and Hat.
With One Brush, \$1.75
With Two Brushes, \$2.50

Large Collapsible
Kit Bags
Quickly Cures Lambs
Back, Weak Kidneys
You Can Prove It Without Expense—Get A Free Package Of Dr. Dwyer's Guaranteed Kidney Pills—Today

Dr. Dwyer's Kidney Pills absolutely cure kidney and bladder troubles and all the ailments that result from them. Their action is positive, certain, quick. They do not take long to act. You can find this out without a cost of a single penny. Just ask your druggist for free sample of Dr. Dwyer's Kidney Pills and you will be convinced.

London Harness Co.
118 Devonshire St.
27 Federal St.
In JOHN HANCOCK BLDG.
Boston's Largest and Best Equine Leather Goods, Trunking, Bags, and European Novelties

Have You Secured
One of These
MUTT AND EFF
Books Yet?

Restores Men to Vital Vigor

The weakling must stand alone today; at the strong, vital, healthy man who succeeds—who has the courage to meet all dangers, I can give you this vital strength.

Let Me Send You This Book Free
This is a book of vital strength, a book of courage, a book of success. It is a book that will give you the power to meet all dangers, to stand alone, to succeed.

DR. A. SANDEN CO., 501 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
Dear Sirs—Please forward to your book, an advertised, free.

CATARRH FOR TWELVE YEARS

Offensive, Nauseating, Weakening—Cured by a Wonderful Medicine.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—"I am very glad of this opportunity to recommend Hood's Sarsaparil, as it is truly a wonderful medicine. I suffered from this disgusting disease for more than a dozen years, and often felt that it would kill me. I tried many remedies, but none could help me. I then tried Hood's Sarsaparil, and it cured me. I am now a healthy man, and I can give you this vital strength."

Let Me Send You This Book Free
This is a book of vital strength, a book of courage, a book of success. It is a book that will give you the power to meet all dangers, to stand alone, to succeed.

DR. A. SANDEN CO., 501 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
Dear Sirs—Please forward to your book, an advertised, free.

WINTHROP

The Wintthrop High School will give a play, "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," on Monday, Dec. 4, at the home of the bride's parents. The play is to be presented for the benefit of the scholarship fund, and will be a great success.

Write Us For This
Free Sample
There is enough Hood's Sarsaparil in this sample to cure you. It is a wonderful medicine, and it will give you the power to meet all dangers, to stand alone, to succeed.

DR. A. SANDEN CO., 501 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
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DR. A. SANDEN CO., 501 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
Dear Sirs—Please forward to your book, an advertised, free.

LONDON

William T. Stead
Chester Overton

PARIS

Marquis de Castellane
Vance Thompson

ERLIN

Ernst Wallenberg
C. M. Hagel

ROME

J. M. E. D'Aquin
C. Christofali

VIENNA

Hugo Bettauer
Eugene ColonyaFOUR IN FIELD FOR
FALLIERES' PLACE

Bath in France Falls Coincidentally With that in the United States.

REVIEW OF CANDIDATES

Cabinet "Sizes Up" the Candidates for the Presidency.

By MARQUIS DE CASTELLANE.

Special cable to Sunday American. Paris, Dec. 2.—The French cabinet has just held a long session, during which the candidates for the presidency were discussed. The cabinet members are generally in favor of a candidate who is not too far to the right, and who is not too far to the left. The candidates are: M. Raymond Poincaré, M. Georges Clemenceau, M. Aristide Briand, and M. Paul Deschamps.

Never Takes Stamp

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Dubois' Son's Chance

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Business of Wardman's Shop

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Mrs. Hilton's Daughters

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AIDED BY EMPEROR.

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AIR RACES HERE IN 1912.

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Mrs. Stiness in Romance
WOODED BY JAVA DUTCHMAN

MRS. INEZ SPRAGUE STINESS.



Mrs. Inez Sprague Stiness, who is to establish a racing stable in Ireland.

Low-Affair of Beauty's Heart
Arouses Interest Throughout Europe.

By PAUL PIERRE RIGNAUX.

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GERMANY MAY YET
WAR WITH ENGLAND

Special cable to Sunday American. Berlin, Dec. 2.—The German cabinet has just held a long session, during which the candidates for the presidency were discussed. The cabinet members are generally in favor of a candidate who is not too far to the right, and who is not too far to the left. The candidates are: M. Raymond Poincaré, M. Georges Clemenceau, M. Aristide Briand, and M. Paul Deschamps.

TRAIN PRINCESS MARY.

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ZANZIBAR SULTAN TO QUIT.

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LATIN QUARTER
OF PARIS IS PASSING

The Famous Cafes Where Brains and Gaiety Ruled Together Are Fast Dying Out.

Special Cable to Sunday American.

Paris, Dec. 2.—The Latin Quarter of Paris is passing. The famous cafes where brains and gaiety ruled together are fast dying out. The cafes are being replaced by modern buildings and the atmosphere is changing.

Mentally vs. Gaiety.

Paris, Dec. 2.—The Latin Quarter of Paris is passing. The famous cafes where brains and gaiety ruled together are fast dying out. The cafes are being replaced by modern buildings and the atmosphere is changing.

Some Work: Some Play.

Paris, Dec. 2.—The Latin Quarter of Paris is passing. The famous cafes where brains and gaiety ruled together are fast dying out. The cafes are being replaced by modern buildings and the atmosphere is changing.

HAT MADNESS RAMPANT.

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One Style Sugar Loaf Felt With

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Lady Decies to Enter Racing
To Establish Stable in Ireland

LADY DECIES, WHO IS TO ENTER RACING SET



Lady Decies, who is to establish a racing stable in Ireland.

Camroys Practically Homeless.
With Family Seat Leased for Two Years.

By CHESTER OVERTON.

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The Camroys Home Leased.

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DIVORCE LAW "SCANDAL."

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BIO JAPAN BUDGET.

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MUSEUMS HURT BY
FALSE ART PRICES

Sir Cecil Smith, Director of the Victoria and Albert, Discusses Situation.

"DAY OF BARGAINS" FAST

Special Auctions for Modern Works of Art, Offered by the National Gallery.

Museums and New Art.

London, Dec. 2.—The British cabinet has just held a long session, during which the candidates for the presidency were discussed. The cabinet members are generally in favor of a candidate who is not too far to the right, and who is not too far to the left. The candidates are: M. Raymond Poincaré, M. Georges Clemenceau, M. Aristide Briand, and M. Paul Deschamps.

Special Museums Suggested.

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VISIT COSTS \$120,000.

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BERLIN AUTOGRAPH CRAZE.

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WOMEN PURSUE ACTORS FOR FIVE LINES AS SOUVENIR.

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Double "Sperry Gold" or "S. & H." Green:

Until One O'Clock P. M.

\$3.00 IN GOODS FREE

Selected at any department throughout our store, or \$2.00 cash, is what you get for a Full Book of Sperry Gold Stamps. No Other Stamp is Worth as Much as Yours.

MAIL ORDERS
FILLED TUESDAY ON SUCH LOTS ONLY
AS LAST OVER MONDAY'S SELLING

Aviation Hoods

MILITARY DEPT.

The popular style and in all the desirable colors. An exceptional value.

MARKED DOWN TO

85c**TIMOTHY S. LITTLE CO.****Boston's Bargain Store**

2249-2281 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. One Minute from Dudley St. Elevated Station

MARK-DOWN SALE

Holiday Goods Are Demanding Room Regular Stocks Must Be Reduced—All Overstocks Have Received "Marching Orders" Former Low Prices Phenomenally Cut, prices that will move these lots out quickly. You will realize that such bargains are the result only of such an occasion as we state. Back of every item stands our guarantee of **SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK.**

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY**Nemo Girls Corsets****GIVE HER A CORSET!**

A practical gift, good every day in the year. For \$2.00 more for a very attractive \$2.00 Corset, made with the very latest Nemo inventions "Hottie Straps" and "Double Top Garters". All you need to know is the right size; this beautiful new model will fit all average, slender and medium figures. Not very many at this price—be early! Each in a Christmas Gift Box. **Price 1 to 2**

THE PRICE **2.00** VALUE 4.00

Infants' and Children's Apparel

ALL WOOL SERGE DRESSES—Sleeve collar, with silk embroidered edges; silk tie; plain short colors. Navy blue and garnet; sizes 6 to 12 years. Have been \$4.00 each. **MARKED DOWN TO 2.98**

CHILDREN'S COATS—Of fancy woolen, mottled and plain colors; made. Comfort forerunners, sizes 2 to 5 years. Gowns formerly \$2.00 each. **MARKED DOWN TO 1.00**

ALL WOOL COATS—In new styles; sailor collar, heavily trimmed with fancy braid; colors navy and red, sizes 2 to 6 years. Coats formerly \$4.00 each. **MARKED DOWN TO 2.98**

ALL WOOL JERSEY LEGGINGS—In stripes and checks; good quality; navy, black, red, navy, brown, sizes 2 to 6 years. Formerly \$2.00 each. **MARKED DOWN TO 1.00**

COTTONS, FLANNELS, BLANKETS, ETC. AT BIG CUTS FROM REGULAR PRICES

PILLOW CASES—Size 12x18 inch; made from good quality fine cotton and always 12x18 each. **MARKED DOWN TO 8c**

COLORED OUTING FLANNEL—In stripes and checks; good quality and in lengths of 3 to 8 yards. **MARKED DOWN TO 8c**

36-INCH PERCALE—In stripes, navy, light blue, and light blue, good quality, 2 to 6 yards. **MARKED DOWN TO 6c**

GOOD QUALITY DRESSING GOWN—In stripes and checks; good quality, 12x18 inch. **MARKED DOWN TO 8c**

FULL SIZE BED COMFORTERS—In stripes and checks; good quality, 12x18 inch. **MARKED DOWN TO 79c**

11-16 RED BLANKETS—In white or grey with pink and blue borders. The kind formerly 1.25 each. **MARKED DOWN TO 1.25**

Lace Curtains Underpriced

LACE CURTAINS—In all choice patterns; 21 yards long. Lots of 2 and 4 pairs of each. Formerly 90c and 75c pair. **MARKED DOWN TO 49c**

HANDSOME LACE CURTAINS—In yards long and regular width. The goods formerly 1.50 to 1.40 pair. **MARKED DOWN TO 1.49**

Golf, Cashmere and Kid Gloves

WOMEN'S BLACK CASHMERE GLOVES—(Self-lined). The two-clasp style and former price 12c pair. **MARKED DOWN TO 12c**

WOMEN'S CASHMERE GLOVES—Black, two-clasp style, fancy lined; some sizes in colors. Gloves always 25c pair. **MARKED DOWN TO 19c**

WOMEN'S GOLF GLOVES—In mercerized fabric, heavy knitted black, black and brown, formerly 25c pair. **MARKED DOWN TO 25c**

BOYS' KID GLOVES—In all colors, all sizes, 1 to 12 years. **MARKED DOWN TO 25c**

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1.98 Dresses AN UNUSUAL WAIST VALUE 1.69 Robes

1.98 **1.69**

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HUNDREDS OF HIGH-CLASS ARTICLES FREE

GIVEN AWAY **FREE**

1000 H. GREEN TRADING STAMPS.

Visit Our Premium Parlor, 2nd Floor, and see these Handsome Premiums now on exhibition.

NOTICE—Cash and 2000 Green Trading Stamps, company All Orders Outside of Boston and Suburbs.

W. T. Corsets

Made with a graduated front steel, medium bust, draw string in back; four hour support; attached size 14 to 20. The regular 1.00 corsets.

MARKED DOWN TO

69c

Magnetic Coat Values

COATS **COATS**

WOMEN'S BLACK COATS, 64 inches long, prettily trimmed with plush or fur collar, all sizes in the lot. **MARKED DOWN TO 5.98**

WOMEN'S AND MISSES' COATS, 64 inches long, prettily trimmed with plush or fur collar, all sizes in the lot. **MARKED DOWN TO 6.98**

CHILDREN'S COATS, 64 inches long, prettily trimmed with plush or fur collar, all sizes in the lot. **MARKED DOWN TO 4.50**

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PRACTICAL FURS FOR XMAS GIFTS

STYLISH

Silk Hat Harry's Divorce Suit



By Tad

GOLFERS START FOR THE SOUTHERN LINKS

New England Men Will Be Entered in All of the Big Tournaments.

While the golfers are getting ready to start for the southern links, the winter season is well advanced. The weather is cold and the ground is frozen. The golfers are wearing heavy coats and hats. The tournaments are being held in the south, where the weather is warmer. The golfers are looking forward to the tournaments and the chance to win money. The tournaments are being held in the south, where the weather is warmer. The golfers are looking forward to the tournaments and the chance to win money.

Canadians Plan for Great International Hockey Association

TORONTO, Dec. 2.—Hockey men threat to form the Great International Hockey Association, which will include all the hockey players in the world.

The association is being formed by a group of hockey players from various countries. They are planning to hold a series of tournaments in the future. The association is being formed by a group of hockey players from various countries. They are planning to hold a series of tournaments in the future.

MOLESKIN HEROES PASS INTO DISCARD

Fiskin Followers Must Bid Good-by to Many Gridiron Favorites.

The passing of the 1911 football season has seen the end of many of the heroes of the game. The players who were the stars of the season are now being discarded. The fans are sad to see them go, but they must accept the fact that the season is over. The players who were the stars of the season are now being discarded. The fans are sad to see them go, but they must accept the fact that the season is over.

CRANE SAYS GIANTS MUST HAVE DONLIN

McGraw's Men Need Star Like Leader of Chicago Cubs Out for Championship Team Next Season.

By SAM CRANE.
NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—There is one man who is the only one who can lead the New York Giants to the championship next season. That man is Donlin. He is the only one who has the experience and the skill to lead the team. He is the only one who can lead the team to the championship next season.

MURPHY WILL HAVE AN ARMY OF SCOUTS

Leader of Chicago Cubs Out for Championship Team Next Season.

The Chicago Cubs are looking for a new leader for next season. They are looking for a man who can lead the team to the championship. They are looking for a man who can lead the team to the championship next season.

Mat McGrath Should Win Hammer Throw At Olympic Games

Winning Over to D. R. Lord.

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—There is one man who is the only one who can win the hammer throw at the Olympic games. That man is Mat McGrath. He is the only one who has the experience and the skill to win the hammer throw. He is the only one who can win the hammer throw at the Olympic games.

FAMOUS CASTLETON STUD FARM IS SOLD

James P. Keene Passes His Holdings Over to D. R. Lord.

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—One of the great stud farms in the world, the Castleton Stud Farm, has been sold. The farm was owned by James P. Keene and is now being sold to D. R. Lord. The farm is one of the most famous stud farms in the world.

WILSON IN TEXAS. Pirates' Fielder in Best of Condition and Health.

PITTSBURGH, Dec. 2.—Secretary W. Wilson is in the best of health and is expected to return to the United States soon. He is currently in Texas, where he is visiting with his family. He is in the best of health and is expected to return to the United States soon.

TAKES LARRY'S ADVICE. Big Frenchman Tells Him It's a Tough Job.

CLEVELAND, Dec. 2.—Hal Chase's reception as manager of the Yankees was not what he expected. He was told by a big Frenchman that it was a tough job. He is now taking the advice of the Frenchman and is working hard to become a successful manager. He is now taking the advice of the Frenchman and is working hard to become a successful manager.

DONOHUE A WRECK. Former White Sox Star Broken Down in Health.

NOT SPRINGFIELD, Dec. 2.—Jesse Donohue, former star of the White Sox, is in a bad state of health. He is a wreck and is unable to play. He is currently in Springfield, where he is being treated by a doctor. He is a wreck and is unable to play.

YOST ASKS 30 DAYS. Has Not Decided Whether He Will Return.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., Dec. 2.—Before leaving for his home in Michigan, Coach Yost has asked for 30 days to decide whether he will return to the University of Michigan. He is currently in Michigan, where he is being treated by a doctor. He is asking for 30 days to decide whether he will return.

SYNDICATE TO BUY FARM. South Bend Stars for Sale.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 2.—A syndicate of investors is planning to buy the farm of the South Bend Stars. The farm is one of the most famous farms in the world. The syndicate is planning to buy the farm and use it as a training center for the stars. The syndicate is planning to buy the farm and use it as a training center for the stars.

GOTCH GETS OFFER. Kansas City Club Wants Him to Meet Munroe.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 2.—Frank Gotch has been offered a position with the Kansas City Club. The club wants him to meet with Munroe. Gotch is currently in Kansas City, where he is being treated by a doctor. He is being offered a position with the club.

INDIANS TALKATIVE. Conversation Is Going on All Through Game.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 2.—The Indians are very talkative during the game. The conversation is going on all through the game. The fans are enjoying the game and the talkative Indians. The conversation is going on all through the game.

NELSON REFUSES TO QUIT. "Old Batter" Claims Promoters Are Jealous.

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—Matthew Nelson has refused to quit his position as a promoter. He claims that the promoters are jealous of him. He is currently in New York, where he is being treated by a doctor. He is refusing to quit his position.

MANDOT MATCHED. Will Meet Jack Redmond This Week at Memphis.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Dec. 2.—Jack Redmond will meet with Mandot this week in Memphis. The meeting is expected to be a success. Mandot is currently in Memphis, where he is being treated by a doctor. The meeting is expected to be a success.

Michigan Players Get "M." ANN ARBOR, Mich., Dec. 2.—The Michigan players are getting a "M." from the University of Michigan. The "M." is a reward for their good performance. The players are currently in Michigan, where they are being treated by a doctor. They are getting a "M." from the university.

Kansas City Club Wants Him to Meet Munroe. KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 2.—Frank Gotch has been offered a position with the Kansas City Club. The club wants him to meet with Munroe. Gotch is currently in Kansas City, where he is being treated by a doctor. He is being offered a position with the club.

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STOKES TO RESUME STAND THIS WEEK

Maid Tells How Girl Clung to Him After Shooting at Her Apartment

[illegible][illegible]



SUNDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1911.

Boston American

SUNDAY DIRECTORY

Real Estate, Apartments and Want Ads



Male Help Wanted.

YOUNG MEN
GILCHRIST COMPANY require several bright young men for stock work. Apply at Employment Bureau, 2d Floor, Hamilton Place Annex.

L.P. Hollander & Co
WANTED CASH BOYS

WATCHMAKERS
BOYS WANTED FOR PARKING DEPARTMENT DAY & NIGHT. APPLY TO DIRECTOR OFFICE. BOYS WANTED. TIGHT COOPER WANTED.

Male Help—Miscellaneous.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FREE
Ladies and gentlemen, we have a large stock of Christmas presents for sale at a very low price. Apply at Employment Bureau, 2d Floor, Hamilton Place Annex.

Wireless Telegraphy Taught Quickly
Ladies and gentlemen, we have a large stock of wireless telegraphy taught quickly. Apply at Employment Bureau, 2d Floor, Hamilton Place Annex.

Male Help—Miscellaneous.
Ladies and gentlemen, we have a large stock of male help wanted. Apply at Employment Bureau, 2d Floor, Hamilton Place Annex.

Male Help—Miscellaneous.

SALESMAN WANTED.
Ladies and gentlemen, we have a large stock of salesman wanted. Apply at Employment Bureau, 2d Floor, Hamilton Place Annex.

Male Help—Miscellaneous.
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Male Help—Miscellaneous.
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Male Help—Miscellaneous.

WILLIAMS AUTO CO.
Ladies and gentlemen, we have a large stock of Williams Auto Co. Apply at Employment Bureau, 2d Floor, Hamilton Place Annex.

Male Help—Miscellaneous.
Ladies and gentlemen, we have a large stock of male help wanted. Apply at Employment Bureau, 2d Floor, Hamilton Place Annex.

Male Help—Miscellaneous.
Ladies and gentlemen, we have a large stock of male help wanted. Apply at Employment Bureau, 2d Floor, Hamilton Place Annex.

Female Help—Miscellaneous.

McDowell's School
For Millinery and Dressmaking
25 Winter St., Boston.

Female Help—Miscellaneous.
Ladies and gentlemen, we have a large stock of female help wanted. Apply at Employment Bureau, 2d Floor, Hamilton Place Annex.

Female Help—Miscellaneous.
Ladies and gentlemen, we have a large stock of female help wanted. Apply at Employment Bureau, 2d Floor, Hamilton Place Annex.

Female Help Wanted.

HOUGHTON & DUTTON CO.
Require for the Holidays
SALESWOMEN BUNDLE GIRLS—CASHIERS—
APPLY TO SUPT. 8:30 TO 10 A. M.

Female Help Wanted.
Ladies and gentlemen, we have a large stock of female help wanted. Apply at Employment Bureau, 2d Floor, Hamilton Place Annex.

Female Help Wanted.
Ladies and gentlemen, we have a large stock of female help wanted. Apply at Employment Bureau, 2d Floor, Hamilton Place Annex.

Female Help Wanted.

GIRLS WANTED
GILCHRIST COMPANY require several neat and intelligent girls for examiners and floor work; must be over 16 years of age and bring school certificate. Apply at Employment Bureau, 2d Floor, Hamilton Place Annex.

Female Help Wanted.
Ladies and gentlemen, we have a large stock of female help wanted. Apply at Employment Bureau, 2d Floor, Hamilton Place Annex.

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Ladies and gentlemen, we have a large stock of female help wanted. Apply at Employment Bureau, 2d Floor, Hamilton Place Annex.

Male Help—Miscellaneous.

BOYS WANTED
FOR PARKING DEPARTMENT DAY & NIGHT. APPLY TO DIRECTOR OFFICE. BOYS WANTED. TIGHT COOPER WANTED.

Male Help—Miscellaneous.
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There Won't Be Fifty Carriages at Your Funeral

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

Copyright, 1911, by Herbert Kaufman.

Every now and then you lie awake and shudder at the thought of the unhappiness which will follow your death.

You visualize the grief-strained countenance of your near and dear ones.

Through the distant to-morrows you hear their voices soften at the mention of your name.

Associates pass the chair in which you sat and sadly sigh. What a calamity it will be—what a loss to those you leave behind!

Of course the business will be wrecked.

No one can possibly take your place and do as well.

So much depends upon your management, your foresight, your shrewdness, your splendid decision, that collapse and ruin will inevitably succeed your demise.

It is only at such moments that a full comprehension of your importance to the general scheme of things is vividly brought home to you.

You mean so much to so many—a tear of pity for the world at large wets your lashes—

AND, IF TRUTH BE TOLD, THERE WON'T BE FIFTY CARRIAGES AT YOUR FUNERAL.

You'll be replaced the moment you're effaced.

We're always over-stocked with nonentities—we've untold duplicates of you from whom to select a successor.

You're a mere hundredth-millionth of the community.

The sum total of your friends, relatives and acquaintances won't reach a thousand souls.

Why, the man three doors away has never learned your name, and the tenant three floors above can't recall the shape of your nose.

The very fact that you have leisure to pity yourself, establishes the value of your time.

If you were somebody of importance, your aims would be so important that every waking moment would be occupied with the great ideas and ideals demanding your consideration.

Men are only significant through their works and mighty thoughts and achievements live eternally.

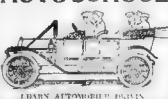
They are pinions on the wing of Time—they are pollen of aspiration and fertilize every generation.

To-day can only be reminded of the past by the monuments of ability which outlive Yesterday.

If you have been of service "you cannot all die; the greater part of you will escape the grave."

But if you have merely occupied space—if you have only sought for self—if you have simply shifted other people's money from their several banks to your own—if you have always followed pre-surveyed roads—if you leave no more behind you than you found when you arrived—why, you have been a naught all along—AND HOW CAN THE LOSS OF A CIPHER BE MISSED?

AUTO SCHOOL



Bonney & Greig
222 1/2 COMMERCIAL AV. BOSTON

MEN WANTED AT ONCE

TO LEARN TO DRIVE AND REPAIR

AUTOMOBILES AND TAXICABS

IN THE CITY

FOR ALL DETAILS, SEE AD IN THIS PAPER

OR APPLY TO THE DIRECTOR

OF THE BUREAU OF MOTOR VEHICLES

222 1/2 COMMERCIAL AV. BOSTON

BEAUTIFUL OCEAN VIEW
Permanently Unobstructed

Bevelen.

100

[illegible]

Small amount of product

UNION HAT CO.

Boston's Best Bargains for
MONDAY and TUESDAY

THE BOSTON AMERICAN
CLOTHING. CLOTHING. Women's Specialties.
I DYE! OILED MY BUST
LUMBER YARD STABLES
GENERAL NEWS OF GROWING
UNION ORGANIZATIONS IN AND
AROUND GREATER BOSTON

THE BOSTON AMERICAN
CLOTHING. CLOTHING. Women's Specialties.
I DYE! OILED MY BUST
LUMBER YARD STABLES
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UNION ORGANIZATIONS IN AND
AROUND GREATER BOSTON



\$3.95
The 500
Lucille Silk
Petticoat
for 3.95
Lucille Silk
Petticoat Shop

Xmas Stationery
SPECIAL LOW PRICES
J. R. MILLER, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000

UNION HAT CO.

Hanover, Union and Marshall Streets.

Wage Earners, Take Notice
Marks & Chester
105 Dutton St., cor. Dudley Sq.
Zaff's Clothing Co.
Suits from \$2 Up.

Paul Mfg. Co.
FOR 25c
25c
AEROFUME
PAUL MFG. CO.
MADE IN CANADA, the best ever polished

Teeth! Teeth!!
GREEN STAMPS
Yachts, Bots and Engines.

MAX KEEZER
For Sale—Luxurious
MAX KEEZER
CLOTHING ON CREDIT

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Published daily and Sunday at 10
and 12 Summer
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NEW ENGLAND PAPER CO.
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Huxham's Absorbent FOOT-PADS
Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica
swollen aching feet and limbs
without doing or touching.
75c. They will save you
HUXHAM PAD CO.,
400 BROADWAY, N. Y.
Broadway Cloak & Suit Co.
26 BROADWAY EXT.
Ladies' Suits to order.
\$6.00 COATS \$5.00
SKIRTS \$1.50
Also Suits from Our Own Material

Ladies' Suits MADE TO ORDER
HALF PRICE
M. SPITZ, 100 LORAIN ST.

PUFFS MADE FROM COMINGS 15c
DR. KLOUS
HAIRDRESSING AND MASSAGING
100 N. BOSTON ST.

FURS
FURS, FURS, FURS, FURS
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GENERAL NEWS OF GROWING UNION ORGANIZATIONS IN AND AROUND GREATER BOSTON

The union men of the city are under way for the winter which will be more elaborate than anything ever before seen in the history of the city. The union men are now in the midst of their annual convention, and the city is filled with the spirit of the union. The union men are now in the midst of their annual convention, and the city is filled with the spirit of the union.

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BOYLSTON TUNNEL HEARING THURSDAY

Transit Commission to Decide
When Work on New Sub-
way Will Be Started.

At a hearing on Thursday the Boston Transit Commission will decide whether or not to start work on the new subway. The commission will hear the arguments of the various parties interested in the project, and will then make a decision on whether or not to start work on the new subway.

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REAL ESTATE BOOM WILL CLOSE YEAR

Record Sales Being Made In
City Property and Activity
Will Continue to New Year.

By FRANK A. LAVELLE.

Not for nothing has the real estate market been so active as it is at the present time. For the past few days the closing of big deals affecting city properties has been the rule and quite a few of the downtown business have shared in these. There is a sort of activity just now that augurs well for a strong market the next few weeks, as a matter of other important deals are under way which will undoubtedly

last Friday was one of the biggest days in the report of larceny and important as deaths for fifty miles, and yesterday was and far behind this record. Among the sales reported yesterday was the purchase of deeds comprising from Arthur W. Stevens of Boston to M. F. and W. J. Stevens of Boston.

The W. L. Allen Co., Inc.
The Washburn Motor
Up stairs all sale
Upper floors for

through tin off
No 24 Mill Street
M. F. & P. W.

Wyzanski Trust

through the office of the
No. 24 Mill Street
M. F. & J. P. W.
Wyzanski Trust.

Three tracks of land
dero section, One
for the 1000 sq ft
frontage on Commerce
portions of the tract
listen, South are
Two second parcels
is an 1800 sq ft
000 on the lot with
all the
any
transaction was need
five of Col m & Taber, No. 7 M. street

Dorchester.

Raymond F. Delano has sold for Sam M. Bonchess his two-story house at No. 114 Jackson street. The price is \$15,000. The lot comprises 76 feet of land.

Mr. Delano reports the sale for Augustus D. Estes of her lot of land in Wales place, comprising 3,575 feet of land, assessed for \$100,000. The lot is the new owner's.

The property will be sold at once with a colonial three for a horse.

Winthrop.

The sale is reported of the estate of

square feet of land. The grantor was Mary E. Buckley, the purchaser being John F. Kinney. The Edward T. Harrington Company was the broker.

Clinton.

Deeds have been recorded conveying the following: No. 1 and 25 Brookfield street, eight room well-lighted house, 12 feet wide and 12 feet deep. The grantor was John F. Kinney, the purchaser being John F. Kinney. The Edward T. Harrington Company was the broker.

[illegible]

Charles Bruce, trustee. The Harrington Company was the
Arlington.
Lot No 238 on Randolph street
containing 5,000 square feet has been

2.5 on Brooks avenue, containing 3,074
square feet. Has been sold to William
Riche of Liverpool; lot 278 on the corner
of Brooks avenue, 4000 square ft.
circle, containing 1,000 square ft.
has been sold to E. L. Thompson of
Taylor of Boston; lot No. 230 on

He sold two family homes at once.
Edward T. Harrington loaned was the
broker in all the above transactions.

Marlborough.

The sale is reported of the estate No.
69 School street, comprising a seven-room
cottage house, a large stable, and 12 acres
of land, including a large pond.
The purchaser being Joseph
Dunlop, the Edward T. Harrington Co.
was the broker.

Brookline.

Henry W. Savage was sold to Mrs. Rose

Brookline.
Henry W. Savage has sold to Mrs. Rose

[illegible]

Malden.
Henry W. Savage reports that deeds have passed in the sale of a single dwelling house garage and 2,240 square feet of land at No. 17 Rockland avenue, the whole estate being taxed on a valuation of \$8,000 of which \$3,400 is on the land and \$4,600 on the house and \$100 on the garage. Dr. William H. Finnegan conveyed to Margaret H. Johnston of Roxton.

Dorchester.
Henry W. Savage reports that deeds have gone to record in the sale of three-story frame apartment house at

Henry W. Savage reports that deeds have gone to record in the sale of a three-story frame apartment house and

Henry W Savage has sold for the estate of the late Patrick K. Adams a large tract of land in the town of Framingham, Mass. The tract is situated on the north side of the road leading from Framingham to Needham Heights, and is bounded by the road on the north and east, and by the road leading from Framingham to Needham Heights on the south and west. The tract is situated on the north side of the road leading from Framingham to Needham Heights, and is bounded by the road on the north and east, and by the road leading from Framingham to Needham Heights on the south and west. The tract is situated on the north side of the road leading from Framingham to Needham Heights, and is bounded by the road on the north and east, and by the road leading from Framingham to Needham Heights on the south and west.

Henry W. Savage has sent final papers to record in the sale of a poultry farm on High street, consisting of nine acres of land a ten room house with electric lights, stable 20x80 and five poultry houses. N. J. Wardwell conveyed to Nellie A. Orant.

on 11th street, consisting of nine acres of land a ten room house with electric lights, stable 20x20 and five poultry houses. N. J. Wardwell conveyed to Nellie A. Orcutt.

East Braintree.
Henry W. Savage has sold the corner of at
eight room house with all modern im-
provements and about 10,000 square feet
of land. Ernest R. Kerston was the pur-
chaser and is already in possession.

WHEAT BULLS STILL KEEP UP CONFIDENCE

They Refer to the Shortage of 150,000,000 Bushels in the World's Crop.

By JOSEPH T. PRITCHARD.
CHICAGO, Dec. 2.—Despite the loss of the wheat crop in the Argentine, the wheat bulls are still confident that the world's supply will be sufficient to meet the demand. They refer to the shortage of 150,000,000 bushels in the world's crop.

at the market, the outlook of wheat at this time and other markets are likely to be more favorable than in the past. The wheat bulls are still confident that the world's supply will be sufficient to meet the demand. They refer to the shortage of 150,000,000 bushels in the world's crop.

December Corn Strong.
December corn is a strong position because of the flat stock at Chicago as well as the weather and the small crop in all portions of the country.

CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE.
WHEAT.
Dec. 2.—High 1.10, low 1.08, close 1.09.

TRYING TO FIND OWNERS.
Steel Corporation to Find How Securities Are Scattered.

The United States Steel Corporation has set out a long list of owners and their shareholdings in the company.

All Metals Have Advanced.
The market for metals has advanced in all directions.

GOVERNMENT BONDS.
The market for government bonds is active.

Hunt, Ellis & Co.
BANKERS & BROKERS
Members Central Bank Exchange of N. Y.
27 State Street, Boston.

Our Market Letter on
The Situation:
Union Pacific
Pennsylvania R.R.
Boston Stocks
Sent Free on Application.

CHAS. A. DAY & CO.
60 State St., Boston
Phone Main 4874

FUTURE OF STOCK MARKET IN DOUBT

December Usually Brings Sagging Tendency; Coppers Continue to Look Up.

By E. A. WILKINS.
STATE STREET, Dec. 2.—A good deal of uncertainty is in the air as to the future of the stock market.

There is an argument on both sides of the market. The bulls are confident that the market will advance, while the bears are confident that it will decline.

An Era of Upbuilding.
The market is in a position to build up a new era of upbuilding.

Will Not Allow Copper to Advance.
The market will not allow copper to advance.

Per Capita Wealth is \$1,121.
The per capita wealth of the United States is \$1,121.

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Boston Stocks

FORECASTS OF PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE REASSURING TRUSTS NOW OFFICIALLY DESTROYED.

By THOMAS S. STOWELL.
NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—The stock market today was a direct result of the drastic ending of the President's message.

Trusts Now "Destroyed".
The trusts are now "destroyed" by the President's message.

Coppers Are Active.
The copper market is active.

New Corporation Charters.
The market for new corporation charters is active.

FORGIVENESS STOCKS.
The market for forgiveness stocks is active.

TOBACCO COMPANY MOVING.
The tobacco company is moving.

Trainload of Auditors and Papers Sent to St. Louis.

Favorable Trolley Earnings.
The trolley earnings are favorable.

Canadian Directors Present.
The Canadian directors are present.

BOHEMIA CHIEF CON. SAY STATE GAS YUKON (Recent by United States).

POLITICS DISTURBING FACTOR IN MARKET

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BUSINESS MAN CAN HELP RECIPROCITY

Must Fit Himself to Trade With Latin Republics Ready to Sign Pact.

By BOERSMAN.
CHICAGO, Dec. 2.—Business men are urged to fit themselves to trade with the Latin republics.

Lessons From Others.
Business men can learn lessons from others.

Diplomacy Brings Business.
Diplomacy brings business.

FOR THE SMALL INVESTOR.
The market for small investors is active.

MONEY MARKETS.
The money markets are active.

LESSONED MINING PROFITS.
The mining profits are lessened.

Will Show Increased Tonnage.
The market will show increased tonnage.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE.
The foreign exchange is active.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURAL.
The American agricultural market is active.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURAL.
The American agricultural market is active.

COTTON BREAKS ON SOUTH'S UNLOADING

Must Fit Himself to Trade With Latin Republics Ready to Sign Pact.

By BOERSMAN.
CHICAGO, Dec. 2.—The cotton market has broken on the South's unloading.

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FOR SALE
\$10,000

MARVELOUS FEATS IN AIR BY THE WRIGHTS

[illegible]

Overeating and Excessive Drinking Also Causes, Says a Woman Physician.

Why do women get fat?
Because they eat too much.
Because they drink too much.
Because they exercise too little.
Because the commonest reason of all is because they are lazy.
Tom declares Edith Felt of 2122 Warren street, Newark, a habit of being too lazy is the bane of her life and wishes to get rid of it.
"I have a tendency of becoming fat when I want to exercise up to the limit instead of being happy and stimulated in the process of it," she says. "I enjoy being fat and am taking more and more exercise."
"Over-drinking as well as over-eating."

[illegible][illegible]

PASSING OF THE CHURN.
Price of Butter Soars as Farmer
Wives Decline the Labor.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 2.—Creamers here are complaining because they at 44 cents a pound, 18 cents a quart, higher than within the last year, and local cream seldom runs as high as on several occasions higher in the past.

In previous years, they say, the market at this season had been fairly brisk and good prices had been obtained for butter by farmers, saying it is "a hard business money."

The year's low country butter has been the cause of the present high prices and the decreasing popularity of the churn was the average farmer's wife.

HONEYMOON FLAT PLANNED
Gary Capitalist Will Build Structure for Twenty-eight Couples.

GARY, Ind., Dec. 2.—So many young people in Gary have been married lately that Nathan Kalliger, a Goshen capitalist, has started to build an apartment building for "honeymooners." It will have twenty-eight apartments of three and four bedrooms and will cost \$200,000. Only new married couples will be tenants.

Presented with 24th Child When Sixty-four Years of Age.

OF THEIR, Ocala, Dec. 2. At a social gathering at his home a few days ago W. W. Kline, a farmer, living near Richwood, Okla., is the father of his twenty-fourth child, which was born at 12:30 p. m. of the 24th inst. It is a boy, weighs six pounds and is named after his father. Kline has spent his entire life on the farm. His present home at the head of his lane in Okmulgee.

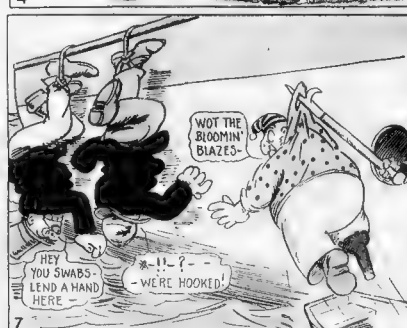


Comic Section of the Boston American.

December 3rd 1911.

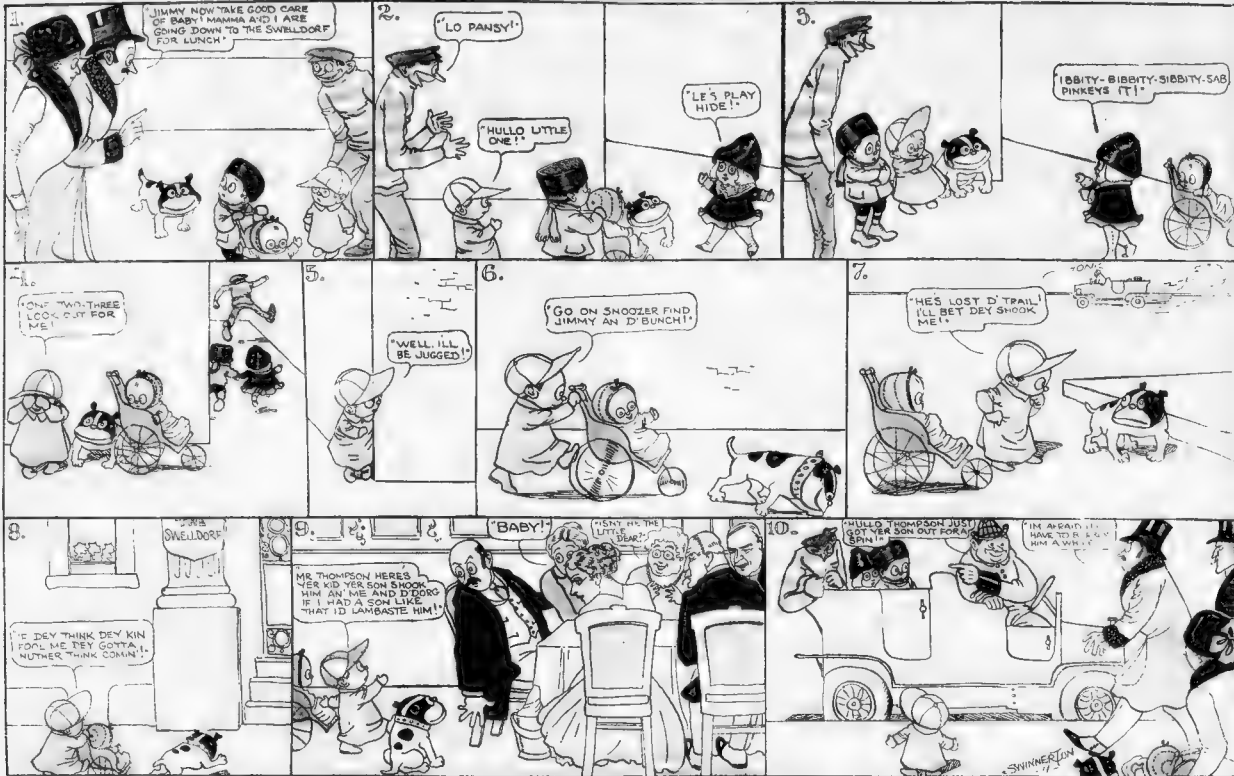
Two New Pirates. They Come! They Go!

But the Katzenjammer Kids Go On Forever!



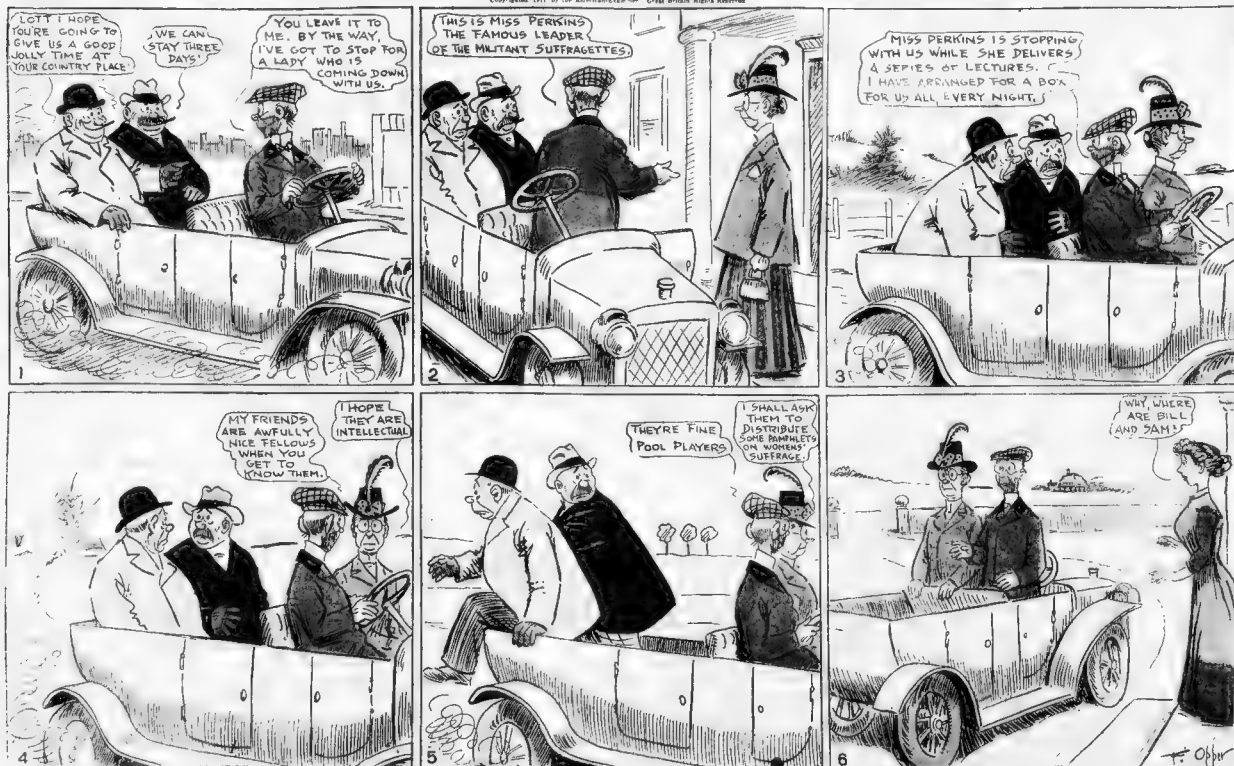
Jimmy--He Takes Splendid Care of Baby!

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A Red Hot Visit to Howson Lott's!

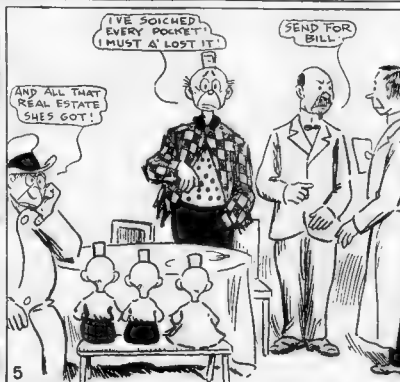
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Gloomy Gus Just Dropped In!

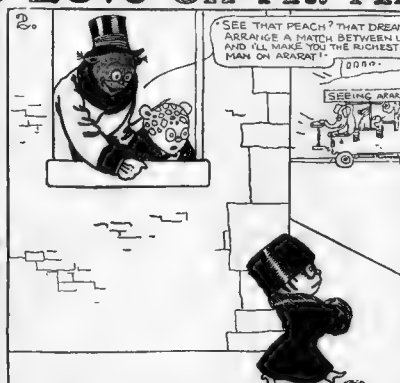
But, Anyway, Happy Hooligan Had a Good Dinner.

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True Love on Mt. Ararat!

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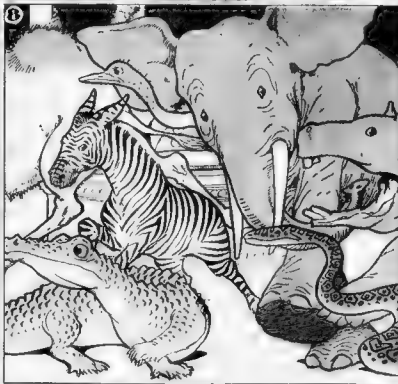
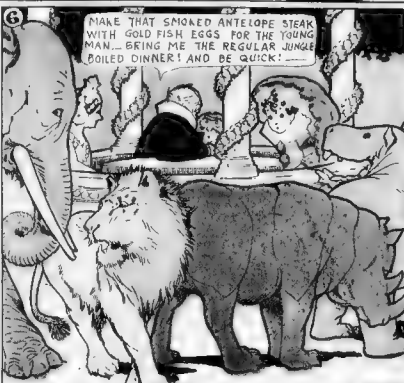
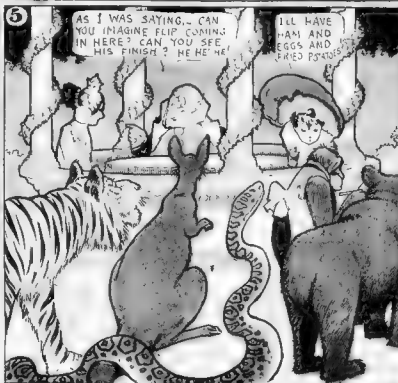
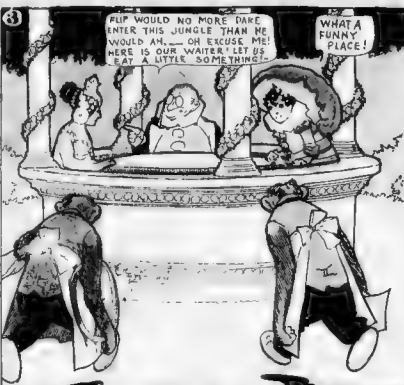


SWANER 11

IN THE LAND OF WONDERFUL DREAMS

IT TAKES MORE THAN A JUNGLE TO BEAT FLIP

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IGNORANCE



Copyright, 1911, by The American Journal-Examiner.

REJUDICE—that blind hatred of anything that is not as old as humanity—is founded, not on caution or conservatism, but on ignorance. The sullen opposition to new

ideas, whether they be clearly good and useful or not, that has been the despair of many able and far-seeing men, has its root in ignorance.

Ignorance cast a shadow over the Dark Ages. It has plunged many a nation into dreadful and useless warfare. It has blocked the way of every man who has had the imagination to see a better future for mankind and the initiative to try to lead to its achievement.

And in this day of enlightenment, when the man who cannot read is so rare as to attract attention, when newspapers and magazines and books place knowledge within the reach of all civilized peoples, ignorance still occupies the road of progress, still hampers whoever would try to lead humanity up toward its destiny.

The list of men with big ideas, ideas that were later adopted to the great benefit of all the world—who have been put down in their own time as crack-brained visionaries—would be too long to print on this page.

In mechanics, in science, in politics, it has been the same. Let an idea be offered that has not been known for at least a generation, and the ignorance of the world regarding it causes it to be first laughed at, then, if it gains headway, to be hotly and violently opposed.

You could not convince men a few score years ago that tomatoes were fit to eat, or that houses could be built of concrete—the materials that the Romans had used centuries before. When almost within the memory of men now living an engineer picked up a bit of anthracite coal and announced that he proposed to burn it he was hooted at.

Such a thing had never been known.

It Has Been the Barrier That Progress Must Put Aside or Pass Over Through the Whole History of the World. It Threw a Shadow Across the Dark Ages. It Has Plunged Nation After Nation Into Useless Warfare. And To-day It Still Stands in the Path of Whoever Would Lead the Way to a Better Civilization.

If it had never happened before it could never happen at all. Such reasoning to the reasoners seemed unanswerable, and it remained unanswerable till the man with the new idea burned the coal, and continued to burn it. Then, like sheep following a bell wether, those who had derided him followed in the way he had shown, and took advantage of one of the greatest of American resources.

The prejudice that the inventors of the aeroplane encountered is an old story. Yet, even with all that has been demonstrated about the possibility of conquering the air, ignorance still stands in the way of progress—there are still multitudes who contend that because the art of flying has not been perfected in a few years it can never be perfected at all. And one of the wisecracks, who every few months consumes reams of paper proving how foolish are all attempts to navigate the air, is the editor of a scientific magazine, and is regarded in some quarters as an authority on the scientific and mechanical achievements of the age.

Do not think that the ignorance which confronts every movement toward progress is confined to those who do not know books, and who have never had the advantage of education.

The unlettered man is usually eager to learn. He realizes that the sooner he finds out what more prosperous men know, the sooner will he bridge the gulf that yawns between him and them. To get new ideas, to learn things, that is what he craves to do more than all else.

But teach a man with a naturally stagnant mind the rudiments of science, and a smattering of history—teach him in that dogmatic, positive fashion that is so often the method of popular instruction, and you make him the worst of all Ignoramuses—an educated ignoramus.

When a new political idea—and by a political idea we do not mean a party idea—is advanced, it is not the uneducated who oppose it but the educated.

More opposition to any idea that means more comfort, more enlightenment, more freedom, comes from the college professor than from the apprentice.

The college man is likely to think he knows that he is right; the apprentice is not at all sure—he is willing to be convinced.

Ask the medical scientist who has made great discoveries in what quarter he meets the most difficulty in introducing them. He will tell you that it is not among the so-called ignorant, but among the great discoveries in medicine—achievements like the cure for diphtheria by means of anti-toxin, or the Pasteur treatment for the terrible hydrophobia, were scouted and sneered at first by doctors—doctors who refused to believe that anything good could be new.

Robert Fulton's most troublesome enemies in the days when he was trying to get somebody to take an interest in his steamship were men in the same line as himself. They had made little inventions that besides his amounted to nothing,

but they had attracted some public attention, and they had to some extent the public confidence. And when they said that the steamboat would amount to nothing people believed them, and flocked in great numbers, not in the hope that Fulton would succeed, but in the hope that he would fail.

It might be imagined that in this age of all others—an age when inventions follow one another so rapidly that to stop reading the newspapers when ill for a week is to lose all track of them—that men would not be so ready to cry down everything they do not understand.

Yet were it to be announced to-morrow that a machine could be built that would travel from New York to Chicago in ten hours, within three days the learned scientific brethren would be announcing loudly that no such thing was possible.

You might get a few of the common people to believe it, perhaps all of them would believe it in a week or two, when they had recovered from the first shock. But the men whose business it has been to study that very subject—not one of them until he had travelled in the machine from New York to Chicago in ten hours, and then he would be very careful to see whether or not his watch was running.

And yet it has been only within a little more than fifty years that the journey from Chicago to New York was one that consumed many days, with prodigious discomfort. And within the next hundred, or possibly even fifty years, it is by no means improbable that the trip

will be accomplished within six or seven—perhaps five hours.

Ignorance is dangerous, not because it is ignorance, but because it persists in remaining ignorance. The baby is ignorant, but he has the brain and the disposition to learn many things—perhaps to become one of the greatest among mankind.

But the stolid, sullen, half-educated ignoramus, when he has been taught that whatever he must necessarily be right—that the way he has learned to do must be the right way—that nothing he cannot understand can be of any value—he is the stumbling block in the path of all that tends to raise people toward better and nobler things.

He may not be as densely stupid as the unfortunate savage whose brain cannot grow because the formation of his skull will not let it grow, but he occupies a far more menacing position, for he can openly proclaim his borrowed ideas, and openly deride men who are trying to do things that he never dreamed of doing.

Whatever is new may not be good, but it is not necessarily bad. All ideas were new at one time, and if they had not been originated and advocated by men of sufficient force to disseminate them despite the opposition of blockheads, we should still be living in caves and subsisting on the flesh of such animals as we were able to kill.

The world benefits by every great mind that is born among men. If a Newton discovers the law of gravitation, the benefit of understanding that law becomes instantly available to all his brethren.

If a Fulton makes steam drive a vessel, all men can travel in vessels driven by steam in a few short years.

But the faculties of the men who think ought not to be used up in overcoming the constant objections of ignorance. Until men approach what is new with a spirit of investigation—until they keep their minds open to conviction, instead of ready to protest against whatever they cannot comprehend, there will be a continual brake on the kind of thought and action which alone can bring the race toward the perfect civilization that is its destiny.

KIPLING'S SONG ON WOMEN ANSWERED

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To the Hearst Newspapers Mr. Richard Le Gallienne Sends This Stinging Reply to Kipling's "The Female of the Species."



Rudyard Kipling.

THE reader of this newspaper are already familiar with Rudyard Kipling's recent poem wantonly attacking Woman, and the masterly reply in verse which Mr. Hall Caine promptly wrote and gave to America exclusively through the Hearst newspapers.

From Rudyard Kipling's Poem—

When the Himalayan peasant meets the he-bear in his pride,
He shouts to scare the monster who will often turn aside;
But the she-bear thus accosted rends the peasant tooth and nail,
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

Man's timid heart is beating with the things he must not say,
For the Woman that God gave him isn't his to give away;
But when hunter meets with husband, each confirms the other's tale—
The female of the species is more deadly than the male.

But the Woman that God gave him, every fibre of her frame
Proves her hatched for one sole use, strand and sinew for the same,
And to serve that single issue, lest the generations fail,
The female of the species must be deadlier than the male.

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papers. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, the distinguished Anglo-American poet, has also written an answer to Kipling, which he, too, sends to the Hearst newspapers, and which is printed below on this page.

These Extracts Are From "The Female of the Species," Published by The Ladies' Home Journal and Copyrighted, 1911, by Rudyard Kipling.

Unprovoked and awful charges—even so the she-bear bites;
Speech that drips, corrodes and poisons—even so the cobra bites;
Scientific restriction of one nerve till it is raw,
And the victim writhes in anguish—like the Jew—with the sequel!

So it comes that Man, the coward, when he gathers to confer
With his fellow-beasts in council, does not leave a place for her
Where, at war with Life and Conscience, he uplifts his arming hands
To some God of Abstract Justice—which no woman understands.

And Man knows it! Known, moreover, that the Woman that God gave him
Must command but may not govern; shall enthrall but not enslave him
And she knows, because She warns him and Her instincts never fail,
That the female of Her species is more deadly than the male!



Richard Le Gallienne.

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES IS THE ANGEL OF THE MALE—BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

TO RUDYARD KIPPLING.

KIPPLING, master as we hold you of us all who wield the pen,
There are some things that are hidden even from your searching ken—
Strange to nothing know of women and to know so much of men.

Man that knit the British Empire once more to a living whole,
Sang the soldier, sang the sailor, sang the seven seas that roll—
Strange that you should know so little of the marvel of the soul.

Howsoever far resounding blow the trumpets of your fame,
Time shall say this also of you: "Be it your eternal shame,
Kipling, you, of all men living, kept the torch of war aflame."

Now, when woman, slave for ages, up from out her chains would rise,
And her hand at last seems nearing to the long-attempted prize,
Straight your brutal fist would smite her, butcher-like, between the eyes.

"HE-BEAR," "she-bear," "wayside cobra"—all the animals of Noah,
What have these to do with man?—wayside flea, or wayside boar—
Why not "squarely push your logic," and treat mankind as protozoa?

Poet of the brute in man—"tis an obscene and foolish lie,
A figment foul of brains that haven't the shambles of the reeking sty—
O mightier master who has written "let the ape and tiger die!"

He who saw the man and woman comrades of the eternal dream,
Climbing hand in hand together the pathway of the cosmic scheme,
Ah! for his mighty song to answer this wounded satyr's scream!

Shall this woman-wounded man vent his misogynistic spites
On a whole sex—because, forsooth, there poisons all he writes
The aching thought of his own wrong?—"even so the cobra bites."

So the cave man talked of woman to his gossips of the cave,
Bade his fellow keep his eye on the little woman that God gave,
And by no means to admit her to the councils of the brave.

WOMAN-MOTHER, woman-sister, mystic comrade, like, yet strange,
Heart of pity all our sinning canoned from its love estrange,
Likened to the worm that crawls, and to the savage beasts that range!

Not so rough men, all unlettered, men unapt at speech or song,
Picture in their hearts the woman they have worshipped all life long,
She who wrought what good is in them, forged the strength that makes them strong.

Not so men who, in the night-time, ever paced the floor of hell,
Pondering in the pictured darkness on the heights from which they fell,
And felt a sudden hand take theirs and a soft voice say "all is well."

Not so even brutes in bar-rooms, foul without and foul within—
Mark them hush their obscene voices when a woman enters in,
Bringing something holy with her, daughter though she be of sin.

All the travail of the ages, climbing up from beast to man,
All that hallows, all that blesses, in a woman's heart began,
Here the sacred task unending the fluttering soul to feed and fan.

When the first faint spark of spirit kindled in the brutish clay,
Here the breath that fanned it brighter; here the love that still to-day
Feeds the flame that lights us onward, hers the torch that flares the way.

Be the woman pure and noble, be she only fair and frail,
Men who know her, men who love her, know this for no fairy-tale—
That the female of the species is the angel of the male.

After the Trusts, What?---

From a Symposium in the Current Number of THE WORLD TO-DAY. Reprinted by Permission of THE WORLD TO-DAY.



J. P. Morgan and George W. Perkins.

Two of the individuals named in the Government suit to dissolve the Steel Trust.

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WHAT shall we do with the trusts? That, of course, is the great serious question in the minds of Americans to-day. Shall we allow them to do as they please, as a few great business men still ask of them? Shall we go back to unrestricted competition, as President Taft and Secretary Wickham say we must? Shall we pass a new law to take the place of the Sherman act?

The most complete and enlightening discussion that has yet appeared on this subject is contained in the current number of THE WORLD TO-DAY Magazine.

A symposium in this magazine by the leading men of the country in business, politics and political economy states succinctly the remedy that each one of them would apply to the trust evil.

John Bates Clark, professor of political economy in Columbia University, one of the most distinguished experts in that science in the country, thus sums up what way he would deal with the trusts:

"A plan that would permit combinations to be defused about by restrictions that they could not uplately restrain trade, is likely in the end to be adopted; and if that is before us, why should we go through the painful and costly operation of first dissolving the trusts and then restoring them? Why not change at once their dangerous features and let them live? It is a good rule to reform business step by step and never suddenly to revolutionize it; and if repressing certain acts of the great corporations will fully protect the public and enable private producers to live and thrive, it would seem best to rely on such a policy.

This would be clear if it were not for one feature of the great combinations. They rely on holding companies as the bond of combination, and for that instrument there is nothing more or less than to be said. The breaking up procedure will be worth what it costs if it merely rid us of this bond."

"With a safer form of union secured, the law might not content itself with preventing the specific acts that suppress competition. The ground which, in recent decisions, the trusts have been condemned

are three definite actions, which afford the evidence of unreasonable restraint of trade. The first of these is the uniting of producers who formerly competed with one another, and so ending one particular competition, though leaving other competition as yet untouched; the second is the absorbing of one large part of a particular line of business as to dominate it, and the third is the making of ruthless war on independent producers whose rivalry is not destroyed by the original act of union."

George W. Perkins, until recently the most active member of the Trusts, Morgan's firm, and now a defendant in the Government suit against the Steel Trust, suggests the following plan for legalizing the trusts:

"It should be possible for any group of business men who wish to operate upon a national, or international, scale, to lay their plans before a national business court, which would decide whether these plans were to the advantage or disadvantage of the public. It would require on the part of the court no greater power than rests in any court that decides between right and wrong and that is all the regulation of business amounts to."

"To control business in this way and prevent it from doing harm would not mean State socialism, Government ownership, Government management or fixing prices. It would not put the Government in war against our industrial business. It would require only such supervision and publicity as that which is now being required of our banks and railroads."

To Avoid Strangling Business. "The practical side of regulation is not, then, difficult. To secure publicity and supervision, it will only be necessary to pass laws defining wrongs and establishing what is right. Under such an arrangement business men would know their rights and their limitations, just as we all know our personal rights in our everyday lives. They would be required to be open and frank about their affairs to prevent wrongdoing, but they would not be interfering with their legitimate business, and that is the advantage of all of us."

"If we pursue in carrying out the Sherman law as it seems to be now understood by the executives of our Government, business will be strangled."

Which do we want, strangulation and all its attendant evils or regulation, which has already been tried in this country and found effective?"

Joseph A. Bourne, the progressive Republican Senator from Oregon, is strongly

of the opinion that a new law regulating the trusts is necessary.

"After years of investigations and legal delays, the Supreme Court finally established two measures, reasonable and unreasonable, neither definite nor fixed, but dependent entirely upon the opinion of the judge who happens to be sitting in the case," he says.

"The result, to my mind, is a most unfortunate situation. What is reasonable and what is unreasonable, under existing law, corporations can ascertain only through expensive and tedious legal investigations. In other words, every corporation must have the Attorney-General and ultimately the Supreme Court determine whether it is operating within the legal bounds."

A Legal Yardstick Needed. "To my mind, what is needed is a legal yardstick, definite, clearly understood, fixed, rigid and applicable to all corporations. Can this be accomplished? I believe it can, but certainly not by the Attorney-General, the President, or the Supreme Court, but by the Congress, the constitutional legislative branch of our Government."

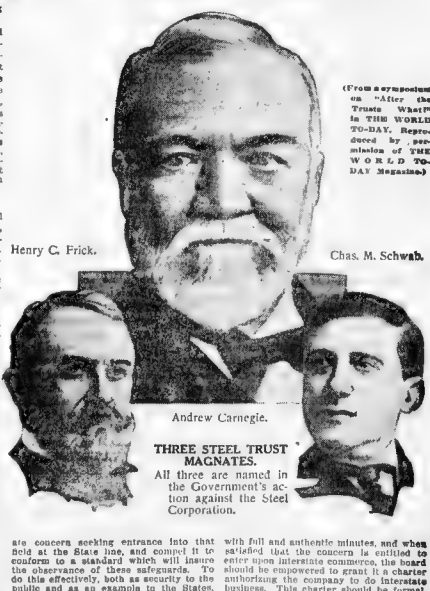
No one man can evolve the yardstick but in my opinion the composite citizen can through his representatives, the four hundred and eighty-three members of the two Houses of Congress.

Many able men think that the solution of the problem will come along the lines of restoration of competition. To my mind this is impossible. I believe that cooperation in our social evolution has taken the place of competition; that the only possible competition of the future will be intellectual competition. I believe in cooperation. To my mind it represents the business the composite citizen. It means coordination of the efforts of individuals, which would result in a minimization of waste because of the business competition, would provide a haven for the public and as an example to the State, first, absolute protection of the public rights, second, the securing and assurance of the co-operative and relative rights of employee and employer resulting in just compensation to each."

Meritt W. Littleton, the well-known Democratic Congressman from New York, proposes a definite remedy for the evil.

"It seems clear to me that the Sherman law cannot possibly be made effective in the exterminating of the real evil without carrying with it too large a sacrifice of the whole industrial fabric, and that it should be absolutely repealed and a new policy or scheme of legislation be inaugurated."

The Federal Government is supreme in the sphere of interstate commerce, and it should resolutely challenge every corporation



Henry C. Frick.

Chas. M. Schwab.

Andrew Carnegie.

THREE STEEL TRUST MAGNATES.

All three are named in the Government's action against the Steel Corporation.

are concerned seeking entrance into with full and authentic minutes, and when satisfied that the concern is entitled to conform to a standard which the board of the concern is entitled to grant it a charter authorizing the company to do interstate business. This charter should be definite, and should recite the terms of the act. It ought to be provided that the charter should be forfeited for a violation of its provisions, as well as for a violation of any statute governing the transaction of interstate commerce or business—this forfeiture to be upon notice and after a hearing."

"NOT GUILTY!" Says Charles J. Ross



"The lady who shoots, the boy tenor, the white hope, the trained ape, the Home Run Kid, are simply a product of public taste."

'Tisn't the Actor, Nor Manager, That Keeps Drama Unsteady, He Says.

By NICHOLAS YOUNG.

IF there is anything wrong with the drama, it's not the fault of the actor—remember that. I have it straight from Charles J. Ross, a man no true, honest-to-heavens actor ever aimed a foul blow at the drama. Foul blows have been struck, but no actors have ever been found near the scene of disorder when the police arrived.

Neither is the manager wholly responsible, Mr. Ross charitably explains. The manager may wobble a bit at times when devotion to his art threatens the profits, but at heart he is with the drama from the drop of the hat. Who, then, is the miscreant that lurks in dark corners and whallops the drama from behind? Mr. Ross knows—and he will tell. It is no other than your old friend, The Public.

It's the public that keeps the drama unsteady on its pins, even in fair weather—it's the real excuse for the surrender of Shakespeare to the syncopated meter of "Alexander's Rag-Time Band." If you believe Mr. Ross, and he pleads with you, the public is guilty in the first degree.

Yes, Mr. Ross Just Loves His Art.

When anything is wrong with the drama Mr. Ross ought to know it early. He has been an actor for many years—it wouldn't be fair to tell exactly how many—and he loves his art. He sticks to the job because the wages are high and the hours short. Yes, sir, Ross is on the stage to stay. Nothing short of a jail sentence will ever deflect him from the footlights, which you needn't look for this season, as Mr. Ross is a faithful husband and a law-abiding citizen. But that doesn't concern what he believes is the chief ailment of the drama. Read what he says:

"Art is no longer a factor in the drama." He paused, folded his legs the other way and resumed: "Commercialism has seized the drama by the throat and you can't make it let go. The actor is not to blame, although he finds himself influenced by the commercial conditions that surround his profession. The manager is not to blame, because his one motive is to feed the public what it wants. That puts it squarely up to the public—and there you are."

"The public does not want art; it wants noise and glamor, and anyone can supply that. The song pub-



"The modern actor is like a jockey—he obeys orders."

lisher takes a hand in the proceedings, followed by the electrician and the costumer. When the job is finished it is more than likely that a successful production is ready for the launching. And we all know the finished product is as far from dramatic art as J. Pierpont Morgan is from socialism, but the public is happy."

But the actor is blameless—Mr. Ross explained it nicely by saying that the modern player is like a sensible jockey. He obeys orders if it breaks the owner.

Responsibility Upon the Actors.

"Of course," and Mr. Ross balanced himself carefully, "when you reach the rough spots in the theatrical road, you get all kinds of reasons for the hard going. Conditions are as unstable in the theatrical field as in any business; we have our good seasons and our poor ones. And then everyone, in and out of the business, is right on the spot with the correct answer. Good old Dr. Everybody walks right up with the remedy. One will say there are too many stars, another that there are not enough real actors but too many not-quite stars. You will hear that there are no good plays; also that the plays are all right but there are no good players."

"Now, the actor has a certain responsibility in the success of any play, notwithstanding the opinion of the playwright, who can see only his own work, or the manager, who may be too deeply involved in the dollar and cents side of the production to take other than a business view of things. It is true that many untrained and unskilled actors are employed in what should be high-class productions. But this is not because there are no good actors. Why, there are always hundreds of capable actor out of employment."

"Then the actor is entitled to a share of the burden," I suggested.

"No doubt of it," answered Mr. Ross. "But the trouble is with our younger actors, who have been through no school of experience, and with many of our old ones who are so satisfied with themselves that they think they have arrived, when in reality they have not even started. You must remember that ours is the one profession that has no destination."

Which, in a measure, explained why he wailed that what had become of our good actors. On the whole, however, Mr. Ross finds the actor more devoted to the better side of his work than the manager.

Now, I had always supposed that the press agent of a road company had much to do that was important, but Mr. Ross waded through that notion with his heaviest boots and didn't care where he stepped.

"Every theatrical company has a press agent. He is an exceedingly busy young man, and he never permits the public to take an actor seriously. He exposes the actor's life in detail, keeps the public prints alive with his domestic troubles, if the latter happen to have any, and if he is without scandal the press agent composes a few rich ones. The press agent makes the actor common—and he does it in the sacred name of advertising. That, by the way, is one of the actor's crosses, and we are compelled to bear it meekly."

"Is it such a heavy cross?" I asked softly. "Well, there are worse and one of them comes right back to the press agent. When the advance man of a company arrives in town he goes to the theatre and greets the manager; they exchange stories and cigars and he gets the dimensions of the stage. But," and Mr. Ross raised his voice a trifle so that every word could be taken in full, "but you can be sure he never goes back on the stage to see whether it is clean or the dressing rooms livable. No, sir, he stops right there. If the show opens big he

"The miscreant who lurks in dark corners and whallops the drama is the public, not the actor or manager."

It's the Dear Public, That Demands Ragtime Instead of Shakespeare.

claims the credit; if not, the company is responsible. Yes, it is a fine job being an actor."

always swaps cigars with the theatre manager?" It was an important detail, of course, but I was doubtful.

"Perhaps they do omit that exchange of courtesy in Boston," qualified Mr. Ross. Doubtless he was right.

He was off again: "And just observe how they recruit the stage under modern conditions. The public—your old friend—is loitering around the front door wondering what novelty or sensation you can offer for his \$2. Does he get novelty and sensation? He does. Some notorious woman whose only claim to distinction is based on a shooting scrape, or who has been connected in some international scandal, is served to him as a fully equipped actress."

What! Courtesies Omitted in Boston.

"It's a great dramatic school—the new one. When you are weary of the woman who shoots you are treated to a champion pugilist, and after him the baseball player who rapped out a pair of home runs in a critical game. That is what you draw for actors from the modern American school."

"Do you wonder that intelligent people ask what has become of our players? Do you wonder that we are no longer taken seriously by the people who pay tribute at the box office?"

Mr. Ross was throwing distress signals and you felt concerned with him. Yes, indeed, the drama was in grave danger—you could feel it in every syllable he uttered.

"Not at all," Mr. Ross was cheerful in spite of himself. The public gets what it wants, the manager gets what he wants and the actor thinks he gets what he has asked for. It's the open season in rag-time drama, that's all."

"But the lady who shoots; the prize fighter and the ball player—where do they stand in dramatic art?"

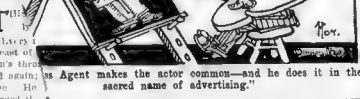
Mr. Ross had the answer—he was waiting for the question. "They," he was very deliberate, "why, they are simply a product of public taste. In vaudeville, for instance, Lillian Russell might find herself sandwiched between an educated ape and a troupe of trained seals on the programme, but that would not detract from her value as an artist. It is just the trend of the times."

"So, when the drama goes wrong do you blame the actor—the real actor—he is just a victim, not one of the miscreants."

Which seemed to settle the point.



"Good old Dr. Everybody walks right up with the remedy," says Mr. Ross.



The actor is not to blame, although he finds himself influenced by the commercial conditions that surround his profession.

ARRIED LIFE THE SECOND YEAR

HERBERT URMER.

least won on them hurt her cruelly—and she shrank from pain with all the horror of a child. The moon had not belied to fillings and one tooth down.

She was to take gas for the extraction, and Warren had promised to come up at 4:30 to be with her. It was a quarter of four now, and the work was to be done on the fillings until Warren came.

From the other room now came a moan and a woman's voice: "Oh doctor—don't! Oh! Oh!"

"Then the doctor's voice: 'Hold still now—just a second longer. There—now this won't hurt.'"

The moon had not belied to fillings and one tooth down. There was a number of humorous words, but Helen did not care for any behavior literature than that offered by a comic paper.

The peculiar odor of mingled dentures and antiseptics that is always part of the atmosphere of a dentist's office filled the room. In vain Helen tried to force down that fluttering trepidulous feeling that this odor and the nearness to the dental chair always brought. She dreaded it so! Her teeth were peculiarly sensitive. The

Helen's heart beat faster. She knew now he would soon be ready for her. The woman came through, put on her wraps which were lying on a chair beside Helen, and hurried out.

"Now Mrs. Curtis," and the doctor appeared once more at the door, and got up into the chair. Just the sight of the shining instruments made her sick with fear. She could bear him wailing his hands behind the screen.

"Well, we're getting a real touch of Winter today," he remarked cheerfully.

It was a prevailing belief among dentists and physicians that some commonplace remark tends to distract the patient's thought, when as a rule it irritates them by the very obviousness of its intention.

Helen leaned back and closed her eyes while with brisk indifference he made ready his instruments.

"Now just a moment, please," as he quickly adjusted a rubber shield in her mouth. "Just a little wider—there!"

For half an hour he worked on the teeth. Except for an occasional moan, Helen made no outcry. But her hands were clenched tight on the arms of her chair and her feet braced rigidly against the footrest.

Dr. Friedman was most conscientious and painstaking in his work, and while he made every effort to minimize the pain, yet his manner was not sympathetic. He now at the instrument touched a nerve, with a stifled cry Helen put up her hand.

"Don't do that!" he warned her coldly. "Don't catch my hand or you'll make the instrument slip."

And again Helen clenched the arms of the chair, every nerve taut under the intense pain. Desperately she tried to think of something to help her. Then she recalled what she had once been told was the greatest of all helps in a dental chair—to try to realize that the dentist was not being done. That it is only because the work is on the teeth that it hurts so. Could the same things be done anywhere else—it would hardly hurt at all. Nor could there be any pain in the tooth if the nerve was made ready by the nerve.

It was a faint notion of her hand. Oh, if he would only go away—if he wouldn't look at her now! And she couldn't speak for the doctor was holding her mouth open firmly.

"Just a little wider, please," I can't see if you half close your mouth. There, that's better."

Helen was forced to stretch over her mouth even more. Oh, how ludicrous she must look! And she was so helpless. Oh, why did Warren persist in standing there! At length the doctor laid down his instrument and took out the rubber shield. Helen sat up and smoothed back her hair.

"Oh, let me not get up and fix my hair and rest a moment before you give me that," she pleaded nervously, as the doctor made ready the apparatus for giving the gas.

"We'll be through in just a few moments, Mr. Curtis; I'm polishing off the last filling."

Helen was painfully conscious of how ridiculous she looked with her head back and her mouth wide open and with the shining light from the window full upon her. She hoped Warren would stay in the reception room for a few minutes, but she would not see her like this. But he came in and stood close by the chair, looking down at her.

"Gettling along all right?"

She made a faint motion of her head. Oh, if he would only go away—if he wouldn't look at her now! And she couldn't speak for the doctor was holding her mouth open firmly.

"Just a little wider, please," I can't see if you half close your mouth. There, that's better."

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Helen Goes to the Dentist and Warren Is There to Give Her Courage

"Nonsense," said Warren, "what difference does it make about your hair? And this isn't getting to be any strain on you—you won't know anything about it."

"Now just lean back, please!"

"Oh, no, no, no, no!" Helen looked up terrified at the tube he was about to place over her face. She had never taken gas before and now she was filled with the terror of the unknown. With a helpless gesture she reached out her hand to Warren.

"Now, don't be foolish," as he took her hand and held it firmly. "I'll be all over in a moment and you won't feel anything."

"But the back, please," repeated the doctor.

With a sense of helpless terror Helen lay back and the rubber tube was placed over her face. Desperately she held on to Warren's hand as she breathed the sickening odor of the gas. It was a soothing, throbbing sensation. She seemed her doctor's voice saying, "Breathe deeper," but it seemed strangely far away. Everything was a confusion of light and dark. And then came a curious feeling as though she were floating away out into space.

"Now, you're all right! Take this and close out your mouth."

Helen opened her eyes with a start. The doctor was placing a glass in her hand. Warren was standing on the other side.

"Now, that wasn't hard—you didn't know anything about it!"

"Oh—is it out?"

"But I feel so strange and dizzy!"

She was filled with a hysterical desire to laugh and cry. She supposed that was the effects of the gas. She wanted to hold to Warren—she clung to him and sobbed away this curious feeling.

He took her home in a taxi, and for once she did not protest at the expense, she felt too badly to think of it. All the way she had to struggle against her desire to put her head on his shoulder and sob.

When they reached home she drew him toward the big chair. "I want you to hold me dear—just a moment! I feel all unstrung from that gas."

"Now, you're all right! Take this and close out your mouth."

The Parson of Jackman's Gulch---By A. Conan Doyle

He was known in the Gulch as the Reverend Elias B. Hopkins, but it was generally understood that the title was a honorary one, extorted by his many eminent and not a little notable by any legal claim which he could adduce. "The Parson" was another of his sobriquets, which was distinctly distinctive in a land where the flock was scattered and the bushes dense. To do him justice, he never pretended to have received any preliminary training for the ministry, or any orthodox qualification to preach to. We were certain in the use of a few words that Jackman's Gulch, about the beginning of '53. Times were hard all over the country, but nowhere sadder than there. Our material property had had a bad effect upon our morals.

Communication between Jackman's Gulch and the outside world was difficult and uncertain. A portion of the bush between it and Ballarat was infested by a redoubtable outlaw named Conky Jim, who, with a small band as desperate as himself, made traveling a dangerous matter. It was customary, therefore, at the Gulch to store up the dust and nuggets obtained from the mines in a special store, each man's share being placed in a separate bag on which his name was marked. A trusty man named Woburn was deputed to watch over this prime bank. When the amount deposited became considerable a wagon was hired and the whole treasure was conveyed to Ballarat, guarded by the police and by a certain number of miners, who took it in turn to perform the office. Once in Ballarat, it was forwarded on to Melbourne by the regular gold wagons.

Comparative order used to reign during the daytime at Jackman's Gulch, for the majority of the inhabitants were out with crowbar and pick upon the hillsides, or waiting day and night in their cradles by the banks of the little stream. As the sun sank down, however, the claims were gradually deserted, and then unkempt owners, clay-battered and shaggy, came lounging about the camp, ripe for any kind of mischief. Their first visit was to Woburn's gold store, where their clean-up of the day was duly deposited, the amount being entered in the storekeeper's book, and each miner retaining enough to cover his evening's expenses. After that all restraint was at an end, and each set to work to get rid of his surplus dust with the greatest rapidity possible. The focus of dissipation was the rough bar, formed by a couple of hogheads spanned by planks, which was dimly lit by the name of the "Endless Drinking Saloon." Here Nat Adams, the burly bar-keeper, dispensed bad whiskey at the rate of two shillings a noggin, or a guinea a bottle, while his brother Ben acted as croupier in a rude wooden shanty behind, which had been converted into a gambling hall, and was crowded every night. There had been a third brother, but an unfortunate misunderstanding with a customer had shortened his existence.

Nat Adams had a roadside shanty in the Gulch before the discovery of gold, and might, therefore, claim to be the oldest inhabitant. These keepers of shanties were a peculiar race, and at the cost of a digression it may be interesting to explain how they managed to amass considerable sums of money in a land where "travelers were few and far between." It was the custom of the "bushmen," i. e., bullock-driven, sheep tenders and the other white hands who worked on the sheep-run country, to sign articles by which they agreed to serve their master for one, two or three years which they agreed to serve their master for one, two or three years which they agreed to serve their master for one, two or three years. Liquor was never excluded in this agreement, and the men remained, per force, total abstainers during the whole time. The money was paid in a lump sum at the end of the engagement. When that day came round, Jimmy, the stockman, would come slouching into his master's office, cabbage-tree hat in hand.

"Morning, master!" Jimmy would say. "My time's up, I guess I'll draw my check and ride down to town."

"How much, Jimmy?" asks his master, taking up his pen.

"There's thirty pound 'ere," Jimmy answers, thoughtfully, "and you mind, master, last March, when the brindle bull broke out of the paddock. Two pound you promised me. And a pound at the pound at the pound. And a pound when Miller's sheep got mixed with ourn; and so he goes on, for bushmen can seldom write, but they have memory which nothing escapes.

His master writes the check, and hands it across the table. "Don't get on the kick, Jimmy," he says.

"No fear of that, master," and the stockman slips the check into his leather pouch, and within an hour he is anthing off upon his long-shouldered horse on his homeward-bound journey to town.

Now Jimmy has to pass some six or eight of the above-mentioned roadside shanties in his day's ride, and experience has taught him that if he once breaks his accustomed total abstinence the unwanted stimulant has overpowering effect upon his brain, and he shakes his head warily as he determines that no earthly consideration will induce him to partake of any liquor until his business is over. His only chance is to avoid temptation; so, knowing that there is the first of these houses some half-mile ahead, he turns to a by-path through the bush which will lead him out at the other side.

Jimmy is riding resolutely along this narrow path, congratulating himself upon a day's escape, when he becomes aware of a sunburned, black-bearded man who is leaning unconcernedly against a tree beside the track. This is none other than the shanty-keeper, who, having observed Jimmy's manœuvre in the distance, has taken a short cut through the bush in order to intercept him.

"Where are ye off to to-day then?"

"Off to town," says Jimmy, sturdily.

"No, now—aye, you, though? You'll have bulley time down there for a bit. Come round and have a drink at my place. Just by way of luck."

"I tell ye I don't want it," says the stockman, angrily.

"Well, ye needn't be so sure about that. It's nothin' neither whether you drink or not. Good mornin'."

"Good mornin'," says Jimmy, and has ridden on about twenty yards when he hears the other calling on him to stop.

"It's a letter, Jim," he shouts positively, "it's an important one too, an' I wouldn't turn it over to any one. I'd know you, and if you'll take charge on it it'll be a powerful service of my mind."

"Give it here," Jimmy says, impatiently.

"I can't get it here," says the other, also, "our man's got it with him. It ain't more'n a quarter of a mile."

Jimmy consents reluctantly. When they reach the tangle-down the keeper asks him cheerily to dismount and to come in. At last the letter is ready and handed over. "Now, Jimmy," says the keeper, "one drink at my expense before ye go."

"Not a taste," says Jimmy.

"Oh, that's it, it is," the other says in an aggrieved tone. "You're too damned proud to drink with a poor cove like me. Here—give us back that letter, I'm cured of it. I'll accept a favor from a man who's too almighty big to have a drink with me."

"Well, well, man, don't run silly," says Jim. "Give us one drink an' I'm off."

The keeper pours out about half a pannikin of raw rum and hands it to the bushman. The moment he smells the old familiar smell his longing for it returns, and he swigs it off at a gulp. His eyes shine more brightly and his face becomes flushed. The keeper watches him narrowly.

"Look here," he says, somewhat huskily, taking the check out of his pouch. "You take this, Jim. Whoever comes along this road, ask 'em what they'll have, and tell 'em it's my shot. Let me know when the money's done."

So Jimmy stands by the door of every ting to town, and for three weeks or a month he lies about the shanty in a state of extreme drunkenness, and reduces every wayfarer upon the road to the same condition. At last one fine morning the keeper comes to him. "The coin's in," he says. "It's about time you made some more." So Jimmy has a good wash to sober him, straps his blanket and his billy to his back and rides off through

the bush to the stream, where he has another year of sobriety, terminating in another month of intoxication.

All this, though, typical of the happy-go-lucky manner of the bushmen, has no direct bearing upon Jackman's Gulch, so we must return to that Arcadian settlement. Additions to the population there were not numerous, and such as came about the time of which I speak were even rougher and fiercer than the original inhabitants. In particular, there came a couple of ruffians named Phil and Al, who rode into camp one day and started a fight upon the other side of the stream. They outgrewed the Gulch in the violence and fluency of their blasphemy, in the truculence of their speech and manner, in their reckless disregard of all social law. They claimed to have come from Bendigo, and there were some among us who wished that the redoubtable Conky Jim was on the track once more, as long as he would close it to such visitors as these. After their arrival the nightly proceedings at the Hutania bar and at the gambling hall behind it became more riotous than ever. Violent quarrels, frequently ending in bloodshed, were the order of the day. On better acquaintance, however, there was a squariness and hominess about his clean-shaven lower jaw and an intelligence of his widely-opened eyes which marked him as a man of character. He greeted a small boy for himself and started a quarrel that occupied by the two strangers who had preceded him. He was a small but a ludicrous disregard for all proprieties of dress and manner, and at once stamped the newcomer as a bushman on hand at his work. It was pitiable to observe him even now, as we passed to our work, digging and delving with

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QUEEN HORTESE - - - By Guy de Maupassant

IN Argenteuil she was called Queen Hortense. Not one knew why. Perhaps it was because she had a commanding tone of voice; perhaps because she was tall, bony, imperious; perhaps because she governed a kingdom of servants, chickens, dogs, cats, parrots, all as dear to an old maid's heart. But she did not spoil these familiar friends; she had for them none of those endearing names, none of the foolish tenderness which women seem to have on the sort of a purring cat. She governed them leisurely with authority; she reigned.

She was indeed an old maid—none of those old maids with a harsh voice and angular motions, whose very word seems to be hard. She never would stand contradiction, argument, limitation, indifference, laziness, nor fatigue. She had never been heard to complain, to regret anything, to envy any one. She would say: "Every one has his share," with the conviction of a fatalist. She did not go to church, she had no use for priests, she hardly believed in God, calling all religious things "superstitions."

For thirty years she had lived in her little house, with its tiny garden running along the street; she had never changed her habits, only changing her servants pitilessly, as soon as they reached twenty-five years of age. When her dogs, cats and birds would die of old age, or from an accident, she would replace them without tears and without regret, with a little speed she would bury the dead animal in a strip of ground, throwing a few shovelfuls of earth over it and stamping it down with her foot in a tight, tight manner. She had a few friends in town, families of clerks who went to Paris every day. Once in a while she would be invited out, in the evening, to tea. She would inevitably fall asleep, and she would have to be awakened by her maid, who would go home. She never allowed any one to accompany her, fearing without light nor darkness. She did not appear to like children.

She kept herself busy doing countless masculine tasks—carpeting, gardening, sewing or chopping wood, even laying bricks when it was necessary.

She had relatives who came to see her twice a year, the Cimmes and the Colombes, but two sisters having married, one of them a doctor and the other a retired merchant.

She had no children, the Colombes had three, Henri, Pauline and Joseph. Henri was twenty, Pauline seventeen and Joseph only three.

There was no love lost between the old maid and her relatives.

In the Spring of the year 1882 Queen Hortense suddenly fell sick. The neighbors called in a physician, whom she immediately drove out. A priest then having presented himself, she jumped out of bed in order to throw him out of the house.

The young servant, in despair, was brooding her some tea.

After lying in bed for three days, the situation appeared so serious that the barrel-maker, who lived next door to the right, acting on advice from the doctor, who had formerly returned to the house, took a upon himself to call together the two families.

"They arrived by the same train, toward ten in the morning, the Colombes bringing little Joseph with them."

"When they got to the garden gate, they saw the servant seated in the chair against the wall."

"The dog was sleeping on the door mat in the broiling sun; two cats, which looked as though they might be dead, were stretched out front of the door; the windows were closed, their panes and little stretched out at full length."

"A big clucking hen was pecking through the garden with a little yellow, downy, downy chick and a big cock hanging from the wall and covered with plumage contained a population of birds which were chirping away in the warmth of this beautiful spring morning."

"In another case, shaped like a chair, two lovebirds sat motionless side by side."

"Mrs. Cimmes, a fat, puffing person, who always entered first every-where, pushing aside every one else, whether man or woman, when she was necessary."

"Well, come, aren't things quite well?"

"The little servant, who was obeying it, said: 'Yes, madam.'"

"She doesn't even recognize me any more. The doctor says she's dead."

"She's dead?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Fifteen francs."

"Fifteen francs."

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A ray of light seemed to cut the bed in two, shining just on the hands, which were moving nervously, continually opening and closing. The fingers were twitching as though moved by some thought, as though trying to point out a meaning or idea, as though obeying the dictates of a will the rest of the body was motionless under the sheets. The angular frame showed not a single movement. The eyes remained closed.

The family spread out in a semi-circle, and without a word, they began to watch the contracted about and the short, gasping breathing. The little servant had followed them and was still crying.

At last Cimmes asked:

"Exactly what of the doctor say?"

The girl stammered:

"He said to leave her alone; that nothing more could be done for her."

But suddenly the old woman's lips began to move. She seemed to be uttering silent words, words hidden in the brain of fish diving below, and her hands quickened their peculiar movements.

Then she began to speak in a thin, high voice, which no one ever heard, a voice which seemed to come from the distance, perhaps from the depths of this heart which had always been closed.

Cimmes, finding this scene painful, walked away on tiptoe. Colombes, whose crying had been growing louder, sat down.

The two women remained standing.

Queen Hortense was now babbling away, and no one could understand a word. She was pronouncing names, many names, tenderly calling imaginary people.

"Come here, Philippe, kiss your mother. Tell me, child, do you love your mamma? Yes, Rose, the care of your little sister while I am away. And don't leave her alone! Don't play with matches!"

She stopped for a while, then, in a louder voice, as though she were calling some one: "Henriette! I am waiting a moment and continued."

"Tell your father that I wish to speak to him before he goes to business. And suddenly: 'I am not feeling very well today, darling; promise not to come home late. Tell your employer that I am sick. You know, it isn't safe to leave the children alone when I am in bed. For dinner I will fix you up a nice dish of rice. The little cure like that very much. Won't Claire be happy?'"

And she broke into a happy, joyous laugh, as they had never heard: "Look at Jean, how funny he looks. He's smiling! I am all over his face, the little pig! Look, sweetheart, look! Isn't he funny?"

Colombes, who was continually lifting his tired legs from place to place, muttered:

"She is dreaming that she has children and a husband; it is the beginning of the death agony."

The two sisters had not yet moved, surprised, astounded. The little maid exclaimed:

"You must take off your shoes and your hat! Would you like to go into the parlor?"

They went out without having said a word. And Colombes followed them. Hoping, once more leaving the dying woman alone.

When they were relieved of their traveling garments the women finally sat down. Then one of the cat's left its window, stretched, jumped into the room and to Mme. Cimmes' knees she began to pet it.

At that moment she could hear the voice of the dying woman, living. In this last hour, the life for which she had doubtless hoped, living her dreams, she felt that all was well.

Cimmes, in the garden, was playing with little Joseph and the dog, enjoying himself in the whole-hearted manner of a countryman, having completely forgotten the dying woman.

Colombes was sitting on a stool, and to the girl:

"I say, my girl, are we not going to have luncheon? What do you ladies wish to eat?"

They finally agreed on an omelet, a piece of steak with new potatoes, cheese and coffee.

Colombes was fumbling in her pocket for her purse. Cimmes stopped her, and, turning to the maid: "I have you got any money?"

She answered: "Yes, monsieur."

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"Queen Hortense was now babbling away, and no one could understand a word. She was pronouncing names, many names, tenderly calling imaginary people."

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There was no love lost between the old maid and her relatives. In the Spring of the year 1882 Queen Hortense suddenly fell sick. The neighbors called in a physician, whom she immediately drove out. A priest then having presented himself, she jumped out of bed in order to throw him out of the house. The young servant, in despair, was brooding her some tea. After lying in bed for three days, the situation appeared so serious that the barrel-maker, who lived next door to the right, acting on advice from the doctor, who had formerly returned to the house, took a upon himself to call together the two families. "They arrived by the same train, toward ten in the morning, the Colombes bringing little Joseph with them." "When they got to the garden gate, they saw the servant seated in the chair against the wall." "The dog was sleeping on the door mat in the broiling sun; two cats, which looked as though they might be dead, were stretched out front of the door; the windows were closed, their panes and little stretched out at full length." "A big clucking hen was pecking through the garden with a little yellow, downy, downy chick

OPERAS IN ENGLISH FOR NEW YORKERS

MISS RING WHO FAVORS STAGE SPANKER

[illegible]

Personally Regrets It

POSSIBLY, I should regret to see classic works transposed from the original, but I don't. I don't think I should, here there is much more cosmopolitanism in New York than in any of the foreign cities. I don't think I should regret it, I don't think I should regret to enjoy the most standard opera that is being done in the world.

But I have not the least hostility, in fact, I love the best, as it was in the case, without success, in Spain. I don't think I should regret it, I don't think I should regret to see the best of the world, I don't think I should regret to see the best of the world, I don't think I should regret to see the best of the world.

The difficulty lies in the selection of this work. It should not be one of the most standard opera that is being done in the world. I don't think I should regret to see the best of the world, I don't think I should regret to see the best of the world, I don't think I should regret to see the best of the world.

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Defends Policy.

"I still consider the whole matter very seriously for a fact."

My motive for not giving English to the masses is thus far having nothing to do with the fact that I am a Jew."

"I, a pro-Italian barkings. I do not speak German, but I prevent good German."

"I am not sure that English will be learned by the masses in other than foreign countries. Slavery will be abolished in Germany, but not in America. Of course, when they sing the song of the Jews, they are singing the song of the Jews, but the article is a little different. But when they sing the song of the Jews, they are singing the song of the Jews."

"I might have said that I produced Boris Godunov in English. I could not do so, for I have not twenty years of experience in the English language. I might have said that I produced Boris Godunov in English. I could not do so, for I have not twenty years of experience in the English language. I might have said that I produced Boris Godunov in English. I could not do so, for I have not twenty years of experience in the English language."

Shakespeare Here Again.

The repertoire for the Roberson and Marlowe engagement at the Shubert Theatre for two weeks, beginning Monday, Dec. 10, has been announced as follows: Monday, "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Tuesday night, "Macbeth"; Wednesday, "The Merchant of Venice"; Thursday, "Twelfth Night"; Friday, "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; Saturday, "As You Like It"; Sunday, "The Taming of the Shrew". The second week—Monday night, "Romeo and Juliet"; Tuesday night, "The Merchant of Venice"; Wednesday night, "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Thursday, "Macbeth"; Friday, "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; Saturday, "As You Like It"; Sunday, "The Taming of the Shrew".

In layout this repertoire, Shakti Narayan made a nice arrangement between comedy and tragedy. The as will open as will be seen, with a rolling drive, the "Travelling of the Shakti" during the two weeks' engagement it had to give three performances of "Gharbi", two performances of "Twelve" and two performances of "Bano and Jule", two performances of "The Merchant of Venice", two performances of "Hansu" and one performance of "You Like it". Owing to the fact that Shakti Narayan's management this season will be confined to two weeks, it will be confined to include two mid-week performances of "Twelve" and one performance of "Shakti" as a repertoire.

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LILLIAN LAWRENCE
AT THE BOSTON



JEAN
MURDOCH
AT THE
HOLLIS



LAURA NELSON HALL AT THE MAJESTIC



MIMI SIMONE AT THE PLYMOUTH

By NICHOLAS YOUNG.

NOW we are to have Mme. Simone, the French lady who has a distinctive line of high emotions for stage uses. Mme. Simone will bring her Parisian violence to the Plymouth Theatre to-morrow, when "The Whirlwind" will be turned over for the benefit of playgoers who revel in the hysterical drama. Mme. Simone almost upset New York with her acting, and quite upset it with the lurid lithographic campaign that was projected in her behalf. Lithographing has become an important branch of the drama, but until Mme. Simone was plastered in colors on the principal billboards in New York the citizens of that quiet place never really knew what could be done with passionate colors and grotesque caricature. "The Whirlwind" was not exactly the talk of New York, but Mme. Simone's posters were. During her engagement at the Plymouth Mme. Simone will endeavor to uplift local playgoers to the standard of her Parisian art. It should prove more than interesting.

WITH the coming of Charles Cherry to the Hollis to-morrow in "The Seven Sisters," a Hungarian farce that has given splendid service to its author in both Europe and this country will bid for public approval. Although its author, Ferenc Herczeg, is held up to view as Hungary's leading man of letters, "The Seven Sisters" is the first of his plays to reach this friendly side of the Atlantic. It is said that Herczeg makes play writing a side line to an otherwise busy life. At any rate he is a member of Parliament, which in his own country qualifies him as an orator, and he is also the president of many of the leading academic societies that flourish so merrily on the continent. He has run the gamut of literary ex-



IONE BRIGHT
AT THE PARK

perience, beginning by studying law and shifting to novel writing. From that he drifted into writing tragedies of the deepest gloom. His subdued sense of humor, it is reported, came to the surface while he was serving a term in prison for engaging in a duel, and "The Seven Sisters" was the result. It was written while he was in prison. This was nearly ten years ago, and though the farce has been popular in Europe it was not until Daniel Frohman selected it for an American production last year that a performance was given in English.

THE prosperity that is smiling so sweetly upon the theatres during the present engagement of so many popular attractions is not enjoyed by the ticket speculator. You must not forget your old friend, the ticket speculator. All kinds of him, from the fashionable type, who calls his place of business a library or agency, to the less attractive specimen, who grabs you by the coat in front of the theatre, have been reaping a fortune for several weeks. When seats cannot be procured at the offices of the speculator, you can always find elbow room on the sidewalk, which means that you could not be discouraged when you are turned away from the window. The pneumatics that the speculators and libraries exact for good seats at popular attractions makes the traffic ex-

ceeding desirable. It is said that one sidewalk speculator, who controls the services of several other operators, counted nearly \$400 as his share from the sale of seats at a recent matinee of "The Blue Bird," and while for more than a week in advance it was impossible to buy a seat at the Colonial Theatre box office for the Saturday night performance following the Harvard-Yale game, the sidewalk speculators had no difficulty in supplying seats if you cared to pay outside prices for them. The theatre managers do not look with friendly eyes upon the sidewalk speculator, but angry looks have not yet succeeded in keeping the seats out of contraband hands.

THE advancing season, which is bringing signs of dissolution to many of the attractions that have overstayed the usual length of time allotted visiting plays, leaves "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" as undisputed long-distance champion. Already having more weeks to its credit than any of its rivals, there is every indication that it will remain in town long after the attractions now playing at the other theatres have gone to other fields.

THERE are two players in town who are not worrying over the demand for the symbolic drama. They are the young men who may be seen nightly at the Globe

Theatre personating Mutt and Jeff. The symbolic drama means nothing to them, and will continue to mean nothing as long as the present extraordinary demand for Mutt and Jeff entertainment continues.

WHEN the Southern-Marlowe engagement opens at the Shubert Theatre on December 18, Mr. Southern will tempt fate by beginning his engagement with a comedy, something he has never before done. His first play will be "The Taming of the Shrew," and his time at the Shubert will be about equally divided between tragedy and comedy. It may be worth noting that "The Taming of the Shrew" is perhaps the most popular of the Southern-Marlowe repertory, excelling in drawing power "Romeo and Juliet" and "Hamlet," both of which in the past have been exceptionally appealing to playgoers. The forthcoming engagement will include no new productions.

YOU can pity the poor actor if you will, and you should, as a matter of humanity, pity the poor manager who has to pay the actor's salary, but please do not waste any on the playwright. He needs none. George H. Broadhurst, who has turned out a number of successful plays in his day—and he is still under forty—recently convinced a New York manager that a new play he had written, called "Bought and Paid For," was worthy of attention. The manager thought so, too. As a result the play was produced and Mr. Broadhurst is now drawing a royalty in excess of \$1,000 a week for his share of the work. Royalties vary, but in Mr. Broadhurst's case they begin at five per cent. and run to seven and a half on average business. When the week's receipts reach \$8,000, however, the author receives ten per cent. of the gross income. "Bought and Paid For," Mr. Broadhurst has never drawn less than ten per cent. Mr. Broadhurst doesn't even want your pity.



LILLIAN GOLDSMITH AT THE GLOBE



Half Vivien Gould's
Pretty Bridesmaids,
Lord Decies' Best
Man and an Usher
All Married in a
Few Months—
Romances all
About Those
Left—Who's
Next to Go?



Miss Hope Hamilton,
the bridesmaid who
may be next to wed
Photo by Marceau

Mrs. Walter Brooks,
Louise Cromwell's first
of the bridesmaids
to marry
Photo by Marceau



Mrs. Hannah Randolph,
the bridesmaid who is
a close second to
Miss Hamilton



AN old German proverb has it that "One marriage makes a man a wife." The marriage of Lord Decies and Vivien Gould, celebrated ten short months ago, has broken all records. Half of the pretty bridesmaids, Lord Decies' best man, Earl Percy, and Lord Camoys, one of the ushers, have since married. And the air is filled with rumors regarding those three remaining bridesmaids, Miss Hope Hamilton, Miss Hannah Randolph and Miss Alison Pierce.

The first bridesmaid to walk her flowery way to the altar was Miss Louise Cromwell, the handsomest of them all and one of the greatest favorites in the younger Washington set. Miss Cromwell married Walter Brooks, the football player and popular athlete of Baltimore. Before announcing her engagement to the pride of the Baltimore Country Club Miss Cromwell was leading favorite in Paul Rainey's gallery of beauties. Rainey went to Labrador to forget the handsome belle, and she married Brooks.

Romance fairly lavished itself on the courtship of Miss Annie Graham, the Hawaiian beauty and heiress, and Jay Gould, the second son of the George Goulds. It will be recalled that neither Kingdon nor Jay Gould took any part in the marriage of their sister and Lord Decies. Jay, however, was very much in love with Miss Graham, and married her within two months after his sister became Lady Decies.

The third bridesmaid to enter the state of matrimony, as a result of this epidemic, was Miss Connelina Holmes, the younger daughter of the Jahiah Holmeses. One of the guests at the wedding reception was Gustave Touchard, the youngest tennis champion, winner of many prizes. He fell in love with Miss Holmes at first sight, but did not pull his fate to the test for six weeks.

After the announcement of the engagement Miss Holmes attended all the tennis tournaments in which Mr. Touchard took part, and he always won. He called her his mascot, and she proved her worth many times.

In Newport last Summer Mr. Touchard downed all players when Miss Holmes was on the ground. The very first day of her absence he went down to defeat before the Pacific steam roller, Maurice McLaughlin.

The Holmes-Touchard wedding took place in October. They went to the Hot Springs for their wedding trip, and were called the boy and girl bride and groom, be-

cause of their youth. The bride was to have made her formal debut this Winter.

Earl Percy, who was Lord Decies' best man, had a troublesome courtship. He fell in love with Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox two years ago. The Lady refused him, and he went to Canada. He hunted and fished and tried to forget her, but finally went back to London to try again.

Before Lady Helen could change her mind the Earl came to New York to act as Decies' best man, and suddenly the Lady said "Yes." She feared the seductions of the American heiresses!

The wedding of Lord Camoys and Miss Mildred Sher-

(Continued on Next Page.)



Mrs. Alison Pierce, the
bridesmaid who
may be next to wed
Photo by Marceau

By Prof. Sir E. Ray Lankester
Ex-Director of the Natural History Museum

Who Will Be the Next to Go?

(Continued from Preceding Page.)

man, an occurrence of yesterday needs no comment. At least twenty of the guests were invited to exchange for the Camosie table and chairs.

With this fifth wedding accomplished so busy with the celebration will remain constant. "Who will be the first to marry?" asks society. "Will it be the bride or the groom?"

Hope, the only daughter of William A. Hamilton, and a cousin of Mrs. George Wood, is in the running. The story that she is being betrothed to young John is laughed at. When the ambitious Mrs. Hamilton's daughter marries it will be for social reasons, rather than for love.

Meanwhile, Phil Hamilton's second wife, a beauty and belle, is rumored to be about to be married.

Hope's close second, and why? Kipling Gould, the identical twin brother of the groom, is giving his attention between these two left-handed beauties. And society asks, "Which?"

For months Hamilton has been retelling the story of the devil and the deep sea. He can not decide whether to marry Miss Josephine Hamilton, the daughter of Mrs. Hamilton, who is a third or fourth cousin, or the daughter of the groom, who keeps the road hot between New York and Philadelphia. Three days a week he devotes to "Gossip Hope," and one out of the seven he devotes to "Gossip Gould."

Society says that neither Hope nor Hannah will seriously accept the arrangement until the groom has decided which one he will marry. They both like to keep him guessing, chuck society. And Kipling, poor fellow, is in a predicament.

Philadelphia looks deucedly bored, if Hannah waits him and she has him in a second."

Lakewood brides follow and say "I will be the next to go." "Who could she be, without making any effort?"

And society gossips and says, "Which?"

And society's gamblers and say, "Which?"

And society's unmarried maiden, Alton, the pretty blond daughter of the Winslow Pierces, has, so the story goes, been asked to marry. "Should they say 'two buns' to a string, for Bobby Pierces sold his victim to her beauty, and Jack's nephew, Thornton Wilson, be the next to go?"

Considering the record already established by the Dees-Goulds, it is not surprising that society is busy guessing who will be next bride.

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devotedly engaged to young John Dillon is laughing at him. When the ambitious Hamilton's fiancée marries it will be for social position and fortune.

Hannah, Phil Handolph's second girl, a beauty and belle, is running away to marry a rich man, and her devoted slave

Society says that neither Hope nor Hannah will seriously assist the aristocratic King in his decision. They both like to keep him guessing. "They chuck as society. And Kingdon, poor lover, is in a sad state of mind."

Considering the record already established by the Deities and a divine it may be wondered that such a busy guessing who will be next bride.

Next?



Who's in This Beauty?

The Recent Marriage of Lily Elsie Leaves Gabrielle Ray the Last of the Unmarried English Stage Beauties

London, Nov. 21.—Who will Gabrielle Ray marry? This is the most exciting question in England just now. Indeed it entirely overrules any little matters as the possibility of a war with Germany or the unpopularity of the man in the middle of a large class of the population.

It is especially among the ranks of the press that the question arises. Interest for, although these gentlemen still take some part in the movement, the Englishmen they give the best of their time and attention to musical comedy and its exponents.

Those that the question is "When will Gabrielle Ray marry?" rather than "Who will marry Gabrielle Ray?" The fair actress has the pick of nearly all the eligible and blue-blooded youths in the London class but to say the least.

Gabrielle Ray is the most popular, beautiful and admired musical comedy actress in England. She is now playing in "The Orchid" at the New Theatre. For a long time she has been known as "Merry Widow." It doesn't matter much what she does. It is just Gabrielle that the people go to see. Gabrielle is a perfect type of English blond beauty, tall, straight and graceful. There is not a suggestion of artificiality or pose about her. She exudes health, good nature and happiness. It is little wonder that every youth who comes in contact with her falls head over heels in love.

Nearly all the popular musical comedy actresses in England have loved a noble lord to the hilt. A few married noble lords or their relatives. The process began long ago when Constance Gordon married the Earl of Oxford and the late Mrs. Duff married the Earl of Fife. Gabrielle Ray has been increasing at an astonishing rate.

A few years ago four lovely girls were playing the "crazy" daughter of a noble lord in a musical comedy now called "The Little Duchess." They were Gabrielle Ray, Zena Dare, Grace Hinder and Lily Elsie. They all achieved fame. But only Gabrielle Ray has married into the ranks of the aristocracy.

Zena Dare a few months ago married the Hon. Marjorie Russell, son of Lord Esher, whose other son, Oliver, has just become engaged to an American heiress. Lily Elsie married a few weeks ago Sir Bullock, brother of Sir George Bullock, who owns the valuable island of Rum, in Scotland.

When We Have More Things to Eat

THE Government Bureau of Soils says that whereas at the present time we grow hardly more than half as much wheat crops in this country, in the not very distant future we shall have more.

Bread is the staff of life, but most of us are not, unfortunately, content to live more and more on other materials, and are enjoying a better and more varied diet than our fathers. For instance, we are eating large quantities of apples and other small fruits which were not used to any great extent by our immediate ancestors. We are eating greater quantities of spinach, of fresh beans and peas, of asparagus, and of other—well, last of course, they liked but at all.

It is entirely conceivable—in the opinion of the Department of Agriculture—that wheat may become a staple. At present it is a type of the national vegetable. It has great possibilities of usefulness, of which advantage has not as yet been taken. A wheat related to cotton, it grows so easily in



The Beautiful and Much-Wooded Miss Gabrielle Ray in Three of Her Most Popular Impersonations.

way of growing the old-fashioned staple. They grow "thick" in the South, and in the North, where they must do so, if they would be successful in their business.

Truck farming is a typical modern industry—much so as the mass culture of wheat from the North and West. The time may arrive when a staple will be produced as a staple; and the time may come when the kind and the human relation, which are the basis of the modern industry of Agriculture, will continue to widen until they cover most of the country—that is to say, until the bulk of agricultural production is of other crops than those now regarded as staple.

Already it has become manifest that wheat cannot be profitably produced on land that is worth more than \$100 to \$150 an acre. When the price of land goes up as in California and Arizona it has been considered a good crop, but just about that time the farmers began to make experiments, guided by suggestions from the Department of Agriculture. What has been the result? Why, today, in that part of the country, anything under two hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre is looked upon as a poor yield, and the difference in the cost of production is so small as to be hardly worth mentioning.

Doctors Made to Order in Ten Days for \$50 Apiece

TO protect the public against incompetent doctors, legitimate medical schools are constantly increasing their entrance requirements. Each year, in consequence, the graduates of these institutions are better equipped for their profession than those who preceded them.

(Unfortunately, however, there are still a number of "diploma factories" in existence. At these fake institutions degrees may be "sold" for \$50 apiece. For an "M.D." diploma, \$50 will be charged, for a "Ph.D." \$100, for a "B.S." \$25, etc.)

In most cases no preliminary education is required, the courses of instruction are entirely optional and may be omitted altogether, and the diploma is promptly awarded upon payment of the price.

The American Medical Association, which maintains a "black list" of unscrupulous and unscrupulous out of medical frauds of all kinds, reports in its journal an investigation which it recently undertook of an institution known as the "Carnegie University." It is a Delaware corporation and with it is affiliated the "National Institute of Mechanotherapy" of New York City, chartered by the State of New York.

According to the annual announcement of the Carnegie University it is "the oldest and most respected institution of learning of its kind in the United States of America." It was initiated, promoted and financed by a few of America's most prominent gentlemen in the financial as well as the professional world. Three continents, knowing its prestige that President Taft (brother) has made in the last twenty years, and understanding the great future for this science, saw the necessity of devoting one of the colleges of a great University to Drugless Therapy, so that those earnestly desiring to become Drugless Physicians and Bloodless Surgeons could acquire a thorough and scientific knowledge of the various sciences which constitute the natural method of healing. The University was named in honor of Dr. Beggs, the great philosopher.

Among the degrees conferred by this institution are M. D., L. D., Ph. D., M. A., Sc. D., D. D., O. D., B. S., T. D., and Ph. D.

In reply to his request for information, the agent of the American Medical Association received a five-page pamphlet on a letterhead which bore halfpenny pictures of Williamstown's two largest office buildings on which the words "Carnegie University" have been inscribed to give the impression that this institution occupied these buildings. Facsimiles of the diplomas were also received. They were issued by "Carnegie University" and were "unmistakably engraved" on "valuable parchment" (vellum).

The investigator then wrote to the effect that he wanted to start an office in England as a "bone setter" and asking whether he might obtain a diploma of mechanotherapy without waiting to take the course, as he wanted to leave for London in two weeks. He said he would send him the questions and would be willing to pay for the full course without taking it.

In a few days he received a reply accepting his request on and including the examination questions. Needless to say, the questions were answered in such a way as to make perfectly plain to any one that the examinee was ignorant to a degree and in no sense competent to treat disease. A few of the questions and answers given:

Question: Give pathology, etiology, symptoms and treatment for malaria.

Answer: Malaria is found in the South and in swampy places. The patient should be given massage and the spine should be adjusted to improve the circulation. It is also better to have the patient move from a malarial place to where it is dry.

Question: How would you replace a dislocated jaw?

Answer: The jaw should be pulled forward or pushed back, as the case may be, and the joint massaged and adjusted.

Question: What is histology?

Answer: Histology is the study of the structure of the anatomy and physiology of the body.

Question: What is embryology?

Answer: Embryology is the study of the newborn baby and how to care for it.

Question: What is Keratitis?

Answer: Give course of treatment.

Question: Describe the inflammation of the eye. It should be treated by manipulating the muscles and nerves of the neck and by adjusting the vertebrae of the neck. Cold water bandages may also be used.

Question: Give treatment for tritis.

Answer: Tritis is also an inflammation of the eye and should be treated as described in Keratitis.

Question: Describe the portal circulation.

Answer: The portal circulation is the circulation of the chyle and chyme which is found in the stomach when the food is being digested. It then goes into the blood to build up the body.

Question: Describe the fornicis.

Answer: The fornicis is that part of the tonsils which is affected in eczema. An adjustment of the vertebrae of the neck will often help it.

Upon receipt of these answers, which, of course, an average school doctor would hesitate to hand to his teacher, the "university" wrote as follows:

We herewith have the pleasure to inform you that you have passed your examination very satisfactorily and that the Carnegie University has conferred on you the degree of Doctor of Mechanotherapy. The diploma will be forwarded to you on receipt of post office money order for \$50.

All it occurred within the space of ten days. By the same process, doubtless, almost any one wishing to engage in the practice of "drugless healing" might have obtained a diploma as easily.

Commenting editorially on the result of this investigation, the "Journal" of the Association says:

"For \$50 the degree of Doctor of Mechanotherapy and an examination diploma has been offered to one whose ignorance of physiology and anatomy was such that he could not have been a student of the circulation and the gastric digestion, who did not know the difference between the fornicis and the pharynx, and whose idea of the 'drugless healing' was that of the history of anatomy and physiology.

"Think of it! In most of the States of the Union a man, exhibiting this colossal ignorance of the human body is permitted to treat any disease that he is not providing he does not use drugs." The tragedy of the situation is that of the medical profession, an individual without even an elementary education and with absolutely no technical training can do business as a "drugless healer" and carry on his practice with impunity so far as the law is concerned, and with a "mammoth" diploma on a "white parchment" to fortify him he might readily build up a "new practice" among the credulous and ignorant.

How They Can See Through Our Bones

A Hound's Upper Jaw Treated by the New Process so That You Can See All Its Teeth, Nerves and Arteries.

A Newly Discovered Liquid Which Makes the Whole Body as Transparent as the X-Rays Do the Flesh and Which Realizes H. G. Wells' Strange Conception of an Invisible Man

The Structure of the Human Backbone Revealed by the Essential Oil Process

A NEW method of revealing the interior of the human body, one that is entirely superior to the X-rays, has been invented by Professor Spalteholz, of Leipzig.

By this new method the bones and tissues are saturated with essential oils, so that they all become transparent, but with a different degree of transparency. You can then perceive every detail of the internal structure—the interior of bones, the nerves, and the blood vessels. The X-rays merely show the tissues of the body as a semi-transparent, cloudy mass, while the bones showing through as perfectly opaque.

It is true that these observations have so far been made on dead animals and parts of animals, but, strange as it must sound, the scientists promise that it will eventually be applicable in certain degrees to living man and animals. Some of the essential oils are quite harmless when injected into living tissues. It is highly probable that within a short time doctors will be able to illuminate various parts and organs of the living human body which they are treating.

A very interesting point about this discovery is that it is a partial realization of the wonders described by the imaginative scientific novelist, H. G. Wells, in his book, "The Invisible Man." Professor Spalteholz renders the body transparent by means of essential oils. If the process were carried a little further the body would become invisible. This was the condition attained by the strange man of Wells' book.

It was by bathing himself with essential oils and other chemicals that he was able to make himself invisible. He terrified people by his mad pranks and his dangerous acts, against which they could not protect themselves because they could not see him.

Here is one exciting episode in which he was involved.

Then the policeman, who had been trying to pass the barman, rushed in, followed by one of the cabmen, grappled the wrist of the invisible hand that collared Marvel, was hit in the face and went reeling back. The door opened, and Marvel made a frantic effort to obtain a lodgment behind it. Then the cabman collared something. "I

got him," said the cabman. The barman's red hands came clanking at the unseen. "Here he is," said the barman.

"Mr. Marvel, released, suddenly dropped to the ground and made an attempt to crawl behind the legs of the fighting men. The struggle hindered round the edge of the door. The voice of the invisible man was heard for the first time, yelling out sharply, as the policeman trod on his feet. Then he cried out passionately and his fists flew round like balls. The cabman suddenly whooped and dashed up, kicked under the diaphragm. The door into the bar-parlour from the kitchen slammed and covered Mr. Marvel's retreat. The men in the kitchen found themselves clutching at the struggling with empty air.

"Where's he gone?" cried the man with the beard. "Out!"

"This way," said the policeman, stepping into the yard and stopping. "A piece of the whizzer by his head and smashed among the crockery on the kitchen table."

"I'll show him," shouted the man with the black beard, and suddenly a steel barrel shone over the policeman's shoulder, and five bullets had

followed one another into the twilight whence the missile had come. As he fired, the man with the beard moved his hand in a horizontal line, so that the shot should not fall into the narrow yard like spokes from a wheel."

At last the invisible man was surrounded by an infuriated mob who beat him to death. As they did so he became visible in fractions. This is what they saw:

"Every one saw, faint and transparent as though made of glass, so that the veins and arteries and bones and nerves could be distinguished, the outline of a hand, a cloud limp and prone. It grew clouded and opaque even as they stared."

"Hullo!" cried the constable. "Here's his feet showing!"

"And so, slowly, beginning at his hands and feet and creeping along his limbs to the vital centres of his

How the Interior of a Fish's Body Is Shown Up by Professor Spalteholz's Process.

body, that strange change continued. It was like the slow spreading of a poison. First came the little white nerves, a hazy gray sketch of a limb, then the glassy bones and intricate arteries, then the flesh and skin, first a faint fog-glass, and then growing rapidly dense and opaque. Presently they could see his crushed chest and his shoulders and the dim outline of his drawn and battered features.

"When at last the crowd made way for Kemp to stand erect, there lay, naked and pitiful on the ground the bruised and broken body of a young man about thirty. His hair and beard were white, not grey with age, but white with the whiteness of albinism, and his eyes were like garrets. His hands were clenched, his eyes wide open, and his expression was one of anger and dismay."

"Cover his face!" said the man. "For Gawd's sake, cover that face!" and three little children, pushing forward through the crowd, were suddenly twisted round and sent packing off again.

"Someone brought a sheet from the Jolly Cricketers, and having covered him, they carried him into that house."

Essential oils are those basic oils which give character and odor to a plant. For instance, oil of peppermint plant and appears as a clear oil, of very pungent flavor. The so-called atter of roses is essential oil of roses, extracted by distillation, forming a very fragrant oil, of high refractive power or power to divert the rays of light.

Professor Spalteholz's discovery was already known of practical value. It reveals the anatomy of the dead body in a complete condition, whereas previously it was necessary to

dissect the body in order to examine it thoroughly.

If, after a person died of heart disease, for instance, the heart was to be examined, it had to be dissected, cut all into bits, and these could not be put together again, to see how they must have worked, or failed to work. Now a different procedure is possible. The whole heart is treated with the essential oils, and can be looked through and studied on every side, so that immediately the cause of death may be ascertained and valuable lessons learned in diagnosis of heart disease in future cases.

If the scientist wishes to study the bones of the skull, for instance, a number of sections must be saved away, and then only special parts can be studied, but the real perception of the interrelation of parts is often lost. With the new method, however, dissection becomes old-fashioned and unnecessary, except in special cases.

A skull treated with the essential oils shows not only the bones, but all of the different furrows and ridges of bones, even the space occupied by the cerebellum. The intricate ear-canal, in all its complexity, is brought into relief. It has been filled with a liquid metal, so as to show the entire labyrinth of the ear.

Almost at a glance the entire geography of the skull is laid bare, including the canal process and the sockets of the eyeballs.

By using a certain essential oil, Professor Spalteholz has rendered the bones of a rat, which had been killed by a poison, as if by a paint or through this simple device of the Leipzig professor. He found that the essential oil gave off a different shadow or light refraction from the bones, so that the bones have been able to make students see through things as has never been possible in any other way.

cast by the heart, the light shadow of the lungs and the outlines of the viscera.

In an upper case this new method shows the marrow canal the thick bone at the sides and at the elbow end, where surgical treatment is most frequently needed.

A middle bone of the foot when treated with the essential oils shows beautifully all the ramifying arteries running through the bone.

Most interesting and valuable of all, perhaps, is the heart of a rat, showing as never before the complete structure of the heart and all the connections of its wonderful machinery. This demonstration has even taught the scientists something that they did not know about the heart, viz: the many arterial connections between the left and right artery, first made plain by the Spalteholz method. The two chambers of the heart are plain in the picture, the right showing more transparent because its walls are thinner. The course of the arteries is easily traceable, showing how the blood is transferred from one chamber to the other of this organ of life.

The picture of the jaw of a dog is interesting as illustrating so fully the distribution of arteries to the nose and teeth. The large flow to the teeth is especially noteworthy, a detail even of the bone, and shows how nature has provided for the nourishment of the organ of smell.

The transparent fish is one of the best illustrations of what the latest method can do for the teaching of animal anatomy. Every bone and organ is plain as if by a paint or through this simple device of the Leipzig professor. He found that the essential oil gave off a different shadow or light refraction from the bones, so that the bones have been able to make students see through things as has never been possible in any other way.

Will This Destroy the Fish on the Pacific Coast?

A GIANTIC scheme is under foot to harvest the great beds of kelp that float in vast areas all along the California coast. The movement has been carried on with a great deal of mystery, not some of the facts have been gleaned. Perhaps the secrecy is due to fear of State or National Government interference with this threatened destruction of the feeding and breeding grounds of the fish.

What would be done with the kelp when harvested? The scheme is chiefly to make a splendid fertilizer out of it, to be put on the market at reasonable rates, bringing America into keen competition with Germany, which at the present time controls the fertilizer market of the world. Other by-products will be American potash, potassium phosphate, ammoniated potassium phosphate, potash nitrate and sulphate of potash. Another manufacturing process that may be developed later in connection with the harvesting of the vast kelp beds is the starting of a big paper industry.

The secret of making the kelp into fertilizer was discovered by a non-chemist, now dead.

The company that has been formed to handle the kelp is called the Coronado Kelp Company, with offices in San Diego. It is incorporated at Newark, under the laws of Arizona, capitalized at half a million dollars.

A factory has already been built at Cardiac, the site of a kelp bed, several miles along the coast, north of San Diego.

Plans are chosen for the new kelp industry lies along a small, narrow, creek would be easy to haul in the kelp from the ocean.

One of the difficulties has been to invent suitable machinery for harvesting the kelp. First, a machine was required with a sort of whirling cutter which would cut the kelp into small pieces, and then the whirling method of cutting was not found satisfactory. The plan was to swing the cutter out from a boom on the steamer, and now the kelp is cut exactly as a McCormick mowing machine cuts hay.

The fishermen along the coast look with little pleasure on the coming of the kelp-cutting steamer, the three Cs, as they hold that cutting the kelp will largely destroy the fishing industry along the shore, as 250,000 tons of fish use the kelp beds as their feeding grounds.

It would not be entirely fanciful to compare the California kelp beds to great forests, as often a kelp

plant is bigger than giant redwood or sugar pine. Humboldt reported a kelp stalk 5,000 feet long.

Traveling along the California coast one may see from the car window miles and miles of these ocean forests, with their delicate branches branching almost covering the water, rising and falling in graceful undulating movements with the tide.

After a storm the beaches are sometimes piled high with sea-wrack from these submarine forests. The chief species of the kelp is called *Macrocystis lutea*, or the giant kelp. It is the most striking and conspicuous of all the species, as its air vessels are often as large as a child's head. Further north, off the coast of Alaska, it is said, these big football looking stalks grow to six or even eight feet in diameter. Attached to this air vessel are a great mass of floating fronds, and it is anchored by a slender stipe-like cord that frequently exceeds 200 feet in length, fastened to the floor of the sea.

Humboldt said that these great bodied kelp form a natural breakwater along the coast, so that if they are constantly harvested, it seems as if changes might take place more easily during violent gales in the coast configuration.

Since the formation of the Coronado Kelp Company the American Government has sent experts to examine the kelp beds off the coast of San Diego, but a stockholder of the kelp company said that he feared no interference with the company on part of the Government.

Seaweeds have already been more or less used in manufacturing enterprises. Even now a species called *Porphyra perforata* is harvested in summer off the California coast, baled like hay and shipped to China, where it is made into numerous food products. Also along the coast of Ireland some of the peasants use a species of seaweed in the making of purdies. Perhaps one of the next breakfast foods put on the American market will be: CRISP KELP FLAKES, delicious and nourishing.

It is surprising that no serious attempt hitherto has been made to utilize the great forests of kelp along the California coast. The Coronado Kelp Company expects to develop their enterprises on a large scale.

Possibly, in the years to come, following in the footsteps of the Padres of old, they will bring great kelp factories for making fertilizer all along the California coast, unless it turns out that this wholesale destruction of the feeding and breeding grounds of the fishes exterminates the fish supply of the Pacific coast.

Trying to Steal Mona Lisa's Sister

How the Authorities at the Louvre Hope to Save Leonardo da Vinci's Other Masterpiece from the Fate That Overtook "La Joconde."



"La Belle Ferronnière," Painted on Leonardo's Youth, the Portrait of a Lombard Poetess

Paris, Nov. 26.

SINCE "Mona Lisa" was so mysteriously stolen from the Louvre, the authorities of that world-famous art museum have been warned, and have taken unusual precautions to save Leonardo da Vinci's sister masterpiece from a similar fate.

This painting, equally esteemed by art connoisseurs, but overshadowed for the mass of visitors by the enormous fame of "Mona Lisa" or "La Joconde," as the French call it, because of its haunting beauty, is an idealized portrait of Lucrezia Crevel, the beautiful young Lombard poetess who inspired Leonardo's brush during the earlier period of his fame.

Owing to the jealousy which envelops the brow, the picture is called "La Belle Ferronnière." In this case Leonardo performed marvels with a pair of wonderful eyes, which are hardly to be surpassed by their influence than the elusive smile of "Mona Lisa."

Paris devotees at the shrine of the great Lombard have always admired their acts of devotion to the equally beloved "Mona Lisa" and "La Belle Ferronnière," standing before them for hours in evident rapture over that smile and those eyes, and then, when home and writing love letters to them.

These love letters to portraits of Italian beauties three hundred years in their graves are always opened up by the Louvre authorities. To the writer of some such letters Leonardo attributed the theft of "Mona Lisa." Since the disappearance of that masterpiece the devotedness and literary ardor of the "La Belle Ferronnière" have been doubled in numbers, and the ardor of the letter writers has been so fanatical that the painting has been placed under a constant guard night and day. It is also guarded against the same approach by any but its official custodian.

When Leonardo da Vinci painted Lucrezia he was still a "primitive," he did not yet discover the effects of light and atmosphere. When he painted the poetess he was a master—then he produced "Mona Lisa" he was a mystic.

Not less marvellous either in conception or execution is the portrait of Lucrezia than that of her better known sister. It is more subtle, more difficult to understand, that is all.

In all the world there does not exist more than a baker's dozen of absolutely authentic paintings by Leonardo. He produced but one great work of sculpture, a rustic statue that stood before the fabled cradle of his princely, but illegitimate ancestor, the Strozzi family of Milan.

During the wars that swept over Europe between Charles the Fifth, Henry the Eighth, and Francis the First, from which northern Italy suffered so much and which so many princely treasures were destroyed, this historic monument and the majority of da Vinci's paintings disappeared. Since the re-creation of the "Mona Lisa" most right successors have preserved this other great portrait.

Although the Louvre has long been losing interest over the lost "Mona Lisa" and the beautiful portrait of Lucrezia, the latter has been preserved for some time. The Louvre's smile, once so much loved, is still a mystery. It is a mystery that has turned the Louvre into a museum of the past, instead of the ever-changing eyes, now and then, with humor, sometimes cruel and snide-like, ever enigmatical, the smile of the "Mona Lisa," whose glorious eyes that Leonardo preserved for some time, and which the Louvre's smile, once so much loved, is still a mystery.

It was the Salle Carrée (Small Hall) of the Louvre that contained "Mona Lisa," as there the first theft occurred. That the equally beautiful "La Belle Ferronnière" has been kept in the ante-chamber of the narrow gallery, however, has not hidden it from the public has discovered the latest painting, though the Louvre's smile, once so much loved, is still a mystery.



Lucile

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for the newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in the styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's new Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishment is at No. 17 West Thirty-sixth street, New York.

By Lady Duff-Gordon ("Lucile")

1—A New Design in a Theatre Cap. It is of White Silk, Trimmed with White Velvet and Embellished with a Large Aigrette at the Top.

2—New Black Top of Gold-Striped Net, Trimmed with Gold-Colored Lace and Flowers.

I AM SENDING you this week some pictures of striking new theatre hats which will be very much in evidence this season.

The "paradise hat" is perhaps the most pretentious. It is designed especially for theatre or evening wear, and is in toque shape. The hat itself is made of white satin which is almost completely covered with broad bands of gold embroidery with pearls. A huge white parasol at the right forms the trimming, encircling the whole hat. It is a beautiful creation.

The theatre cap at the top of this page is of a very novel design. It is of white velvet with a broad band of white silk net, and is trimmed with velvet ribbon, finished with white chenille tassels.

The large aigrette at left provides the dressy effect which it would otherwise lack.

A particularly neat creation is the theatre cap of gold metallic fabric under white chiffon. It is finished with a ruffle of the chiffon and silk filigree. Two masses of chiffon and gold cord at the left furnish the only trimming. Among fashionable actresses, these caps have already acquired immense popularity. They are so small that it is quite unnecessary to remove them.

The small black toques of black net with golden stripes is trimmed with gold-colored lace and flowers. The small crown in accordance with the rich effects of the hat.

3—Theatre Cap of Gold-Metallic Material Under White Chiffon, Trimmed with Chiffon Ruffles and Gold Cord.



A New "Lucile" Walking Gown of Mouse-Crown Corduroy Trimmed with Gray Squirrel.

and a Brand New Dress.

Some Striking Millinery Which Will Be Seen at the Theatres.

a coat of \$20 for the hat, the work involved being enormous, as the countless yards of silk have to be all picked out and frayed by hand.

As to the new woolen flowers, they figure on any number of models, which range from a delicious wedge for the lady of two, to the almost impulsively small and smart hats for the young matron. Some times they will be weathered round a thick velvet hat—when, certainly, they show up remarkably well—and sometimes, to be set in the softness of a downy woolen fleece fabric, which is used again for their own sake, three being then given shape, laces and strength by a little extra work and sewing.

Occasionally just a veer of pink will come from the innermost heart of the little flowers, and inevitably always the underlying of the curved brim with the pastel pink silk can be depended on to exercise the most becoming influence on the complexion.

Another and favorable aspect of the wool trimmings is revealed by a lot of massive trim, lined with velvet and bound about the crown with a closely embroidered device of shaded mauve wools, finishing off the left side with flat bow, on which, again, worked in wool, are many very pink rosebuds grouped collectively about a central and still-blooming flower. There is also nothing to get out of order on such a hat, you know, even if you like it for motor wear on occasions, so it is a distinctly promising acquisition.

But I am still more desirous that you should make the early acquaintance of a certain quaint and charming little hat of straw velvet, whose crown is enriched by several rows of silver fringe, which is as at once a very elegant and charming in alternating elevations of navy blue, black and turquoise as a combination of the same velvet, and of still more closely clustering rows of fringe. A hat, this, which is enough to wear with a tulle or a tulle or at the same time so small as to be worthy to complete an afternoon gown of cloth or chambray.

Just a word now of the corduroy walking gown, of which I am sending you a picture. It is of mouse-colored brown, and is trimmed with gray squirrel. There is nothing particularly novel in the squirrel skirts or the edging around the cuffs of the gown, for the strip from the left shoulder to the right of the waist-line adds a touch which has not been seen to any great extent before.

This walking gown is one of my newest creations, and will, I think, hold its own with any that I have lined out this season.

Of the muscette which will be used this season, I may now say a word or two.

Silk and wool pop-net is going to be used to a great extent, and being both looking and well wearing, and quite soft and supple, too, it is likely to be a favorite alike with those who make it up and those who wear it. Velvets and velveteens are in their turn to be "boomied," it being worth of note that the vogue for these particular and picturesque fabrics is usually concurrent with an increasing vogue for the next two or three cold weather seasons. So you can make your preparations and purchases accordingly. As far as the styles of the material are concerned, for as regards their making up, you can only be sure of the actual modes of the moment, and also of who would attempt to prophesy as to what style will prevail in another six months, that quarter style is very daring but very foolish.

But, at any rate, you can't just exercise a little wise discretion in your choice—be very well content with the present fashion, and so be quite disposed to be philosophically indifferent to the changes and chances of the future.

Now Make Up a Family Dinner—B.A. Escoffier.

The Menu.

Soup Paysanne
Sole Meuniere with Potatoes a la Provencale
Capon with Rice
Ham a la Gelee (with jelly).
Salad of String Beans.
Apples with Butter.

Potage Paysanne, or the Country Woman's Soup.

SLICE up in fine dice not larger than a twenty-five cent piece some carrots, tender turnips, and potatoes. Add the whites of leeks cut in julienne style (fine straws), all these materials in about equal proportions. Put these vegetables in a closed saucepan and let them simmer on a slow fire. Then add boiling water and the necessary salt and let the mixture boil until the vegetables are thoroughly cooked.

At the moment of serving, pour the soup over little slices of bread placed in the soup tureen. The soup may be improved with fresh green peas or small white beans.

In spooning your materials allow two and one-half ounces of vegetables, an ounce and a half of butter, and a quarter of an ounce of salt to every quart of water.

You may add to potage paysanne one-third of its volume of pure of green peas, or pure of white beans, or potato puree (puree Potimerie). You may also in the quotient of serving add a few spoonfuls of cream or fresh butter, which will make it more delicious.

I give these details to show that a simple soup suited to a workman's table may be transformed at a small expense into one fit for the most sumptuous household.

Capon With Rice.

CHOICE a fine capon, tie it up and lard it with slices of cooking bacon and place it in a saucepan with half a pint of water, then cover the capon and finish cooking. By this time the rice ought to be almost done. Moisten it with the capon and arrange it on a dish. Remove the bouquet and the onion from the rice. Add a little grated nutmeg, an ounce and a half of pure butter, and arrange around the capon.

No. 10 of "The Fine Art of French Cooking," a Series by the Greatest French Chef.

made diamond shaped pieces of them. Season them with salt, pepper, oil and vinegar, keeping the proportions of three parts of oil to one of vinegar.

By A. Escoffier.

IGIVE today a menu for a very appetizing and yet reasonably economical family dinner. It is accompanied by recipes for all the dishes mentioned in it.

With this object lesson before us I would like to impress upon my housekeeping readers the importance of constructing a menu. This is a great science to which a whole lifetime may well be devoted, but surely may learn to apply some of the fundamental rules of this science.

Too many housekeepers persist to construct their menus properly, that is, to bring the right dishes in combination. Through this neglect much good cooking falls of its effect. In an ill-combined menu the best of materials may be wasted, while in a well combined menu a pleasing result may be obtained with less costly materials.

As an illustration, I may point out that it is a mistake to serve more than one vegetable in addition to potatoes, with roast. Three or four different vegetables served at the same time fatigue the appetite and may cause indigestion.

A most important point for housekeepers is illustrated by the accompanying menu. That point is the providing of sufficient food without waste. The desired object is secured in this instance, as I will explain, by putting a dish of sliced ham on the table.

Every housekeeper naturally wishes to give her family and guests all the food they really want. One way of doing this is to supply a superabundance of food, but if you do this you run the risk of finding a large quantity of excellent food left over from dinner and practically spoiled. This is discouraging and a serious loss financially.

How are we to get around this difficulty? Calculate the amount of food required by each guest on a reasonable basis, and have in addition your plate of cold ham served after the entrance or roast. Then even the person with the largest appetite will be satisfied, and you will enjoy an increased variety in his dinner. The cold ham is quite welcome to most people after a number of hot dishes. If it is not eaten it will remain perfectly good for your breakfast or lunch next day, and nothing will be wasted.

Sole Meuniere with Tomatoes a la Provencale.

THE sole must be carefully cleaned, the white scale cleared of scales and the dark side of it skin. Then make a cut at the side along the bone. Salt the sole moderately, put it in the hour and then in a frying pan, in which you have previously melted a little butter, and fry the sole. Cook the sole until it takes a fine brown color. When one side is cooked turn the sole over.

Ham a la Gelee.

ARRANGE some slices of nice lean ham on a dish and garnish with some cold meat jelly and sprigs of parsley. The jelly, of course, is optional. It makes the ham more appetizing for those who find it rather dry.

Apples With Butter.

THE following quantities are planned for four persons:

Choose by preference some russet apples, allowing one for each person; divide them in quarters, peel and trim them. Place them in a shallow saucepan just large enough to hold the apples without leaving too much empty space. Add four tablespoonfuls of sugar, a dash of warm water and an ounce of butter. Cover the saucepan and cook the apples, spending them thoroughly from time to time with a sharp knife. The time of cooking depends on the quality of the apples and how tender they are.

When serving, divide each quarter apple into five slices of bread crumb toasted in butter, sprinkle with sugar and glazed in the oven.

Add to the piece of the apples a tablespoonful of apricot preserve, boil it a minute, so that the apricot preserves add a dash of warm water and of butter, shake the saucepan until the butter is thoroughly mixed with the sauce, pour over the apples and serve.

Salad of String Beans.

TAKE two pounds of cold cooking string beans of medium size and slice them diagonally so as to

Ham a la Gelee.

ARRANGE some slices of nice lean ham on a dish and garnish with some cold meat jelly and sprigs of parsley. The jelly, of course, is optional. It makes the ham more appetizing for those who find it rather dry.

A French Open Work Apple Pie or Tart.

IN PLACE of the recipe you may see in the last issue of "The Fine Art of French Cooking," I give here a particularly attractive and simple recipe for making this pie, which should delight all French lovers of good cooking.

Get two quarters of a dozen spring chickens (preferable) weighing about two of the Washington variety. I have here a particularly attractive and simple recipe for making this pie, which should delight all French lovers of good cooking.

Get two quarters of a dozen spring chickens (preferable) weighing about two of the Washington variety. I have here a particularly attractive and simple recipe for making this pie, which should delight all French lovers of good cooking.

"A very appetizing yet reasonably economical family dinner."

the chief guided me, he would have some one to cook for me or would arrange their jewels in my hat as if that perhaps I was of of pr try some of the Ultras I'd be cord upon blind beggars. I

1—The "Paradise Hat," of White Satin with Broad Bands of Gold Embroidery with Pearls.

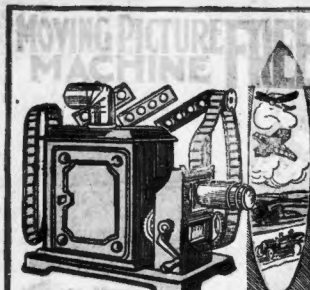
No.153-Little Receipts for Big Effects-

◆◆ Beauty. ◆◆



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 Write for BLUINE MFG. CO., 500 N. 11th St., Dept. 25, Concord, N.H., Mass.

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Corn Pain Ended In a Jiffy

Just cover the corn with a little Blue-jay plater.

It is done in a second. The pain ends instantly. Then that little drop of B & B wax begins to loosen the corn. In two days it comes out. Not a bit of soreness—not the least inconvenience. You simply forget the corn. It sounds too good to be true. Yet five million corns every year are removed in this simple, harmless way.

Corns are utterly needless. To suffer from them is folly. To prevent them is transitive. Remove them with Blue-jay. Do it now.



Blue-jay Corn Plasters 15c and 25c per package

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters All Druggists Sell and Guarantee Them

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc.



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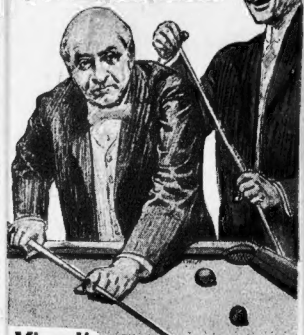


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 Dept. 438, Boston, Mass.

I've got you Beaten, Dad



Missed!

A nip-and-tuck match lost by a single shot!

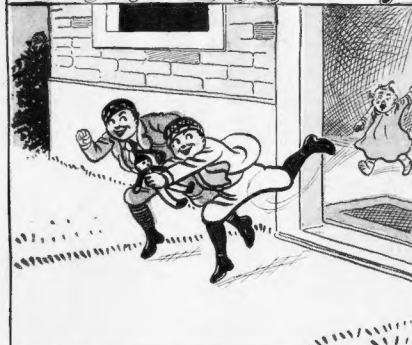
The spice of the game is its uncertainty, its constantly shifting situations and new shots, its ever fresh problems for hand and eye and judgment. Billiards and Pool are great games—fun, clean, fascinating games for every member of the family—wonderfully enlivening home games for the long winter evenings. You can play Billiards and Pool now without frequenting a public poolroom. You can have in your own home a

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 and play while you are paying for it. No special room is needed. The Burrowes Table is portable—can be set on your dining room or library table or mounted on its own legs or compactly folding stand. Only a moment is required to set it up or take it down. Size range up to 4'x3' (feet) (standard), with smaller Tables for smaller rooms. Complete playing equipment of balls, cues, etc., is furnished free with each Table. Burrowes Tables are used for home practice by some of the foremost professionals. They are scientifically constructed and adapted to the most expert play.

\$1.00 DOWN—Small Monthly Payments
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OXY GRANDPA Little Brother and THE BOYS

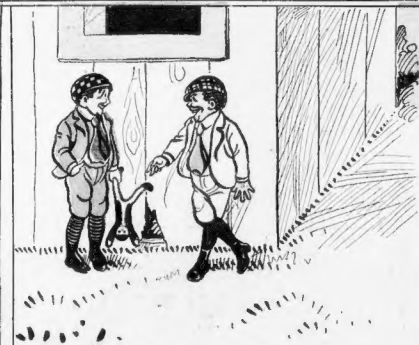
The Boys Kidnaped Little Brother's Doll, but Foxy Grandpa Was Soon on the Trail and Comes to the Rescue.



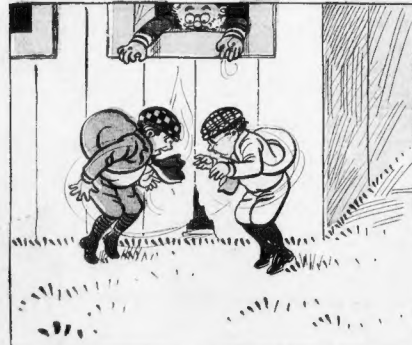
1. BOYS—It's lucky Gran'pa didn't see us sneak Little Brother's doll.



2. GRANDPA—What! Those mischiefs teasing you again! Don't worry. Gran'pa will soon get your doll!



3. BOYS—Oh, say, but what a row over an old rag doll!



4. BOYS—Why, something grabbed it!



5. BOYS—And our cap!



6. GRANOPA—Why, hello, boys—we are just looking for you. How do you like our new caps?